

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## The Front Page.

**D**R. BEATTIE NESBITT has taken the center of the stage this week, making his farewell appearance as a sensationalist in politics. He subsides. He retires. He enters a gilded cage. To use his own words, he gives up smoking and politics on the same day—throws away the cigar that the cartoonists loved to picture in his lips—and in order to preserve his health and get more time to devote to his increasing business interests accepts the Registrarship of Deeds for West Toronto, to which fees averaging about \$6,000 a year attach. It is a bit confusing at first to find that so much anticipated rest and so much prospective salary go together. But often the large salary goes with the light job. Perhaps the explanation of it is that Dr. Nesbit does not feel called upon to tell the interviewers quite all the considerations that led up to his retirement from the Legislature and his acceptance of a post in the public service. How precarious a thing is the health of our statesmen! Many examples could be cited. To-day they are doing prodigies in the front of battle—to-morrow, lax, spent, broken, they are fit only to earn \$10,000 a year on the bench or \$6,000 in the plush quiet of a registry office. How deceptive, too, is health—or, rather, how false a front can ill-health wear when it wills, for some of the frailest-looking men are in the Senate at the age of eighty, while men with the measurements of gladiators have had to resign this, that or the other position. Let no one make light, however, of the hidden infirmities of the seemingly stalwart and robust man, for, unfortunately, there are cases, within the recent knowledge of all, which go to show that a man's lease of life cannot be judged by his rugged appearance. Moreover, a man may be genuinely ill and yet handle competently any salary placed opposite his name. It is a fact in physiology that should be taught in the schools.

The classic Registry Office in Richmond street—a relic in architecture and a tomb of documents—becomes now almost a shrine. In it are two men whose like are not at large in politics—Mr. Peter Ryan, Registrar for East Toronto, who gives cheery welcome to Dr. Beattie Nesbit, Registrar for West Toronto. Both were in politics once; both are out now, their politics laid aside, all rancour gone, independent in mind, act and sympathy. Mr. Ryan was about the best campaign orator we have had. Dr. Nesbit put into the political scrimmage about the sturdiest pair of shoulders yet seen there. He was not so well-known throughout the province as in the city—but he might have been, had he not resigned and accepted this Registrarship before the Legislature met.

Ever since Dr. Nesbit emerged from the Mayoralty contest with a laugh, it has been reasonably sure that something had to happen to him or to somebody else. His friends and his enemies united to make him a factor in politics. He was called "the Boss" until he was just about the makings of one. Give him a following, give him allies even, in the Legislature, and, what then? Perhaps he would have accepted following—perhaps he had no desire for allies who would seek their own objects and let him bear the blame for such disruption as might occur. He has stepped out. He has stepped out when his stock is highest as a leader of a wing of his party. In general terms he has been represented in circles unfriendly to him as a man who stood for all that was undesirable in politics, yet he steps out with no clearly recognizable bad marks on his record.

Without doubt Dr. Nesbit expected that he would be offered a portfolio by Premier Whitney on the formation of his government. Others met with similar disappointments, but among those passed over the burly Doctor is the one man who survived the slight put upon him and steadily increased his political importance. How he did it or with whom does not at present signify—but he did it, and the Legislative session was approaching with the member for North Toronto a stronger influence in practical politics than any one of several members in Mr. Whitney's cabinet. I consider this a fair statement of the facts as they stood last week. No doubt he was wise to drop out of a game in which he was cast to play the role of bad man whether he wished it or not. No doubt the leaders of his party, from the party point of view, were wise in retiring him to a gilded cage. As to the registration of deeds for West Toronto there is little doubt that the work will go on with all accustomed diligence and precision.

In regard to Dr. Nesbit's actual departure from politics an interesting street rumor is current, for the truth of which I would not venture to vouch. The story goes that when about to be sworn in the other day, the Doctor secured the services of his legal adviser, Mr. Claude Macdonnell, M.P., that these two met Mr. Peter Ryan, who accompanied them to the City Hall in search of a commissioner to swear in the new Registrar, and, meeting Controller John J. Ward at the civic buildings, he was asked to officiate, which he did. Thus Dr. Nesbit, the Orange leader, in quitting politics, was surrounded and aided on three sides by good Roman Catholics, and the story adds that one of the number, seeing the humor of the situation, substituted a Douay Bible for the one ordinarily used on such occasions, Dr. Nesbit never suspecting the artifice practiced upon him. The question now is, Will the genial champion of Protestantism now loss his standing in the Orange Order, or will he demand to be sworn in a second time in other company and on another edition of the Scriptures?

**A**T a dinner in New York the prediction was made by Alexander Graham Bell—the man from Galt, who invented the telephone and is now enrolled among the great Americans—that the problem of aerial navigation would be solved soon, and that men would be able to dine in Halifax and breakfast next morning in London. It may be that this will come to pass. The prediction contains, perhaps, nothing to surprise any man of the age of seventy. The man who has seen what the past seventy years have had to reveal must surely be incapable of expressing disbelief in the possibility of anything.

When Mr. Bell speaks of flying in twelve hours from Halifax to London he does not astonish his hearers more than he did when he announced, some years ago, that he could enable a man in Galt to carry on a conversation with a man in Toronto. The telephone is now one of the commonplace conveniences of life, and the schoolboy of to-day only marvels at the mystery of it about as much as the boy of an earlier generation did about the pump and the way it coaxed water from the dark depths of the well. The old man of seventy has seen the passage of the Atlantic reduced from seven or eight weeks to the same number of days. He has seen land journeying in Canada reduced from weeks to hours. He has been astonished by the Atlantic cable and has later seen the cable made to look mediaeval by wireless telegraphy. He has seen

matches supplant flint and steel, coal oil supplant candles and electric light come in to help the sun make day perpetual. When one considers the progress a man of seventy has witnessed on his way, one would suppose that he would desire to live on, if but to watch and listen. Yet one might gather from his conversation that he thinks mostly of his breakfast, of his poor night's sleep, and doubts if the times are what they were when he was young. Let the old man be honest with himself and the times, and he will admit that the world was but a raw material until the present generation began to manufacture it into something like a finished product. In the past it has been equipped and conveniently furnished home of the race. As obstacles to man the oceans are being disposed of as surely as if they were being split into space. The mountain range that separated one nation from another so that for a thousand years the tribe on one side knew nothing of the tribe on the other, except for adventurous individuals who were slain on sight—these mountains have been tunneled by railways and these tribes are one. The nations of to-day are separated mostly by languages, and how long do you suppose these differences in language can withstand the pressure of modern trade and travel? Call it "business" and let us say that modern business is making this world one nation, instead of a globe spotted with the tents of a thousand hostile tribes. Should there be another coal strike in Pennsylvania the loss entailed will influence values on every continent. Wreck a freight train in the Rocky Mountains and Europe will swear in its ten

stone at him. Without discussing practice it is enough to say that it is the whole practice throughout politics in Canada, and there is but misery in pretending surprise at it. The Ross Government bought its boilers from friendly boiler-makers, and the Whitney Government is doing the same thing, and so on doing it. Large contracts will be let by tenders at a hundred and one expenditures will be made with tender, and the official who knows his business will take trouble to know the politics of the man who gets the order for machinery, supplies and materials. It is sheer humbug to affect surprise at this practice. What the mischief do you suppose people interest themselves in politics if for their politics are going to be forgotten absolutely when their friends win! All things being equal a party in power will always show a preference for those whose faces shine with gladness because that party is in power. And that kind of thing helps to make their faces shine.

**T**HE average city man supposes when he reads about excursions to the Agricultural College at Guelph that, should he go there, he would spend his time in such sight-seeing as presents itself in the live stock pens at the Toronto Fair. His idea of the place is that it is a fancy farm, different from the real thing only in that it doesn't have to pay its way; in that everything is nicely painted for show and the work done by "pupils" who are persuaded that they are not hired men because they get no wages. The city man would expect, if he went there, to be asked to admire a table laden with big pumpkins, and a sty

thing was handled is reported broadcast. The farmers have learned to rely on the college. I have said that it gets right down to the people. On a recent visit I met there an old farmer who was taking a two-weeks' course, learning new wrinkles about raising live stock. This was the second winter that he had come for a fortnight's training at the college, and he was a man of sixty. He has been farming for years in the County of Bruce. This year he brought with him a neighbor, old as himself, and that neighbor's son. There were perhaps fifty farmers from various corners of the province attending this special class. All it costs them is their railway fare and their board in Guelph. The benefits they derive, who can estimate? It is not only what they leave home knowing that they need to learn, but the hundred and one new ideas that they pick up amid such surroundings, that makes this event in their lives important. Each one on going home influences a whole neighborhood.

A member of the Legislature who visited the college on Saturday admitted that he had not been there in twenty years. Men interested in agricultural progress come from all parts of the world to inspect the famous college at Guelph, and it would be worth while for the Whitney Government, at the coming session of the Legislature, to adjourn the House for a day and take all the members to Guelph on visit of inspection.

**H**ON. ADAM BECK has made the question of Niagara power a special study. Speaking a year ago in London he declared that the harnessing of Niagara should bring about an industrial revolution second only in importance to the introduction of steam. That was a fair statement of what the result should be. What the result will be is going to be another matter unless, in the public interest, some new grip can be got on the power situation. Speaking before the Borden Club in this city on Wednesday evening, Hon. Adam Beck declared that Toronto's only hope for getting cheap Niagara power lay in the direction of public ownership. The prices so far quoted here are no cheaper than steam power. All that wonderful gain that the harnessing of Niagara will bring about, promises to be seized and held by the power companies and not passed on to the power-users.

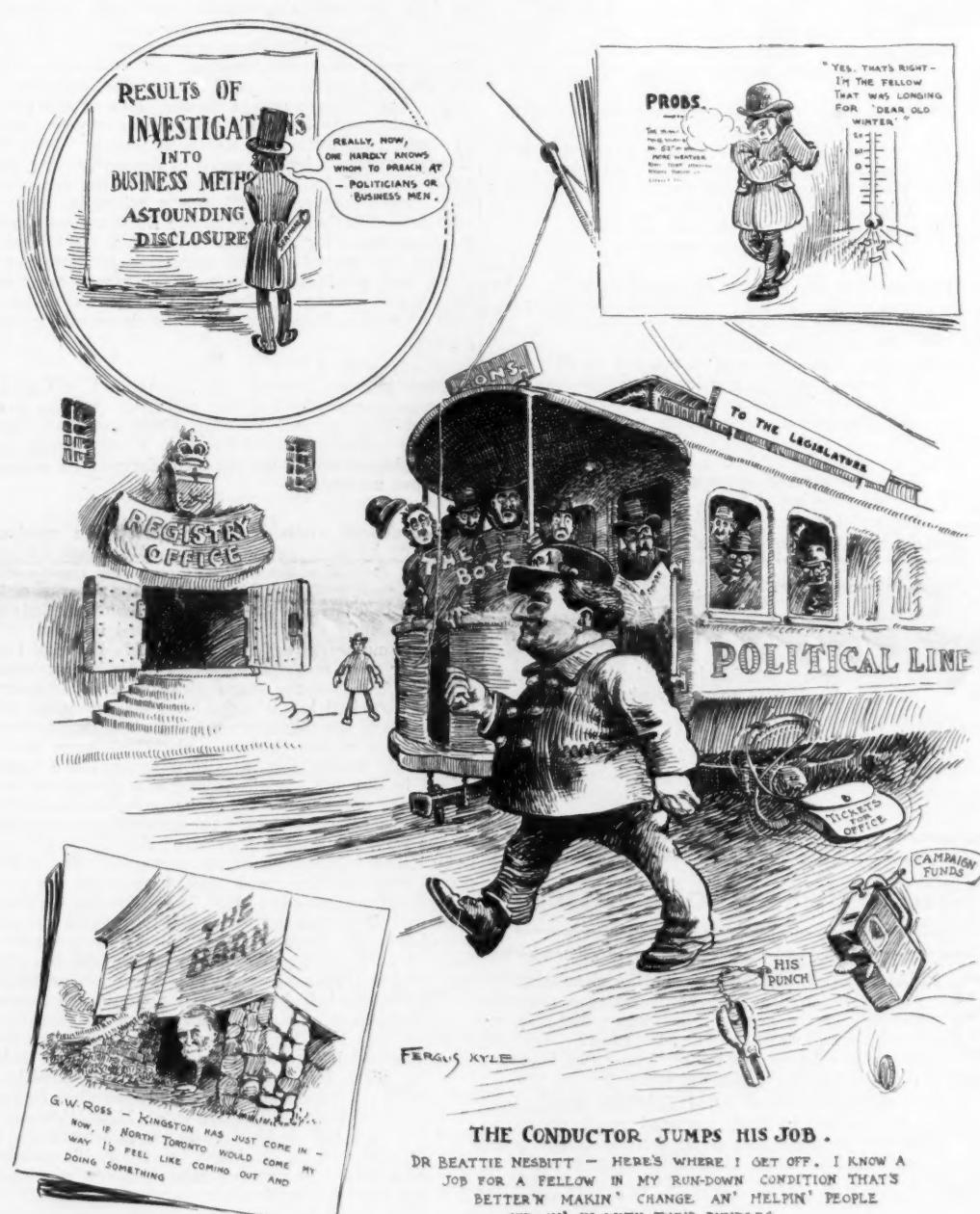
While the people are thus being told that they must look to municipal ownership as their only hope for getting cheap power, that hope is being destroyed by Controller Ward's unscientific handling of municipal labor, and by the apparent want of courage on the part of anyone in Council to stand up and say that the city should pay for labor no more than the market value of labor. How can the municipality supply cheap power or anything else cheap, unless the city can be a sane and business-like employer? If the municipality in doing its own street-cleaning must pay its laborers nearly double what the same men could earn in any other employ, what prospect is there of getting anything done cheaply through municipal ownership? Controller Ward is cutting the life out of public ownership with his hurrah-boys attitude on the wages question.

This whole subject is going to be argued at the City Hall next Wednesday, and it is to be hoped the Mayor and Council will recognize the serious importance of it as it affects Toronto as an industrial center. It means an increase of \$50,000 a year to corporation laborers who already receive 25 per cent. more pay than other laborers in the city doing similar work. It means that on all municipal contracts the same increase of pay will go into effect, drawing from the tax-payers nearly another \$100,000, most of which will be paid to a floating population of foreigners, who will swarm back here year after year with their relatives and friends, giving Toronto in Italy the name of being the place where Santa Claus edits the pay-sheets every Christmas.

**I**n view of some recent remarks publicly made on the vice of smoking a married woman has been telling me that if her second husband does not smoke she will insist that he acquire the habit—all this provided that she should be so unfortunate as to lose her present husband and so fortunate as to get a second one. The point she makes is that a husband who smokes is much tamer than one who does not—more easily managed than the same man would be if he did not have his pipe or his cigar to divert him from meddling in household management. If he uses good cigars he does not wonder how his wife spends so much pocket money—he wonders how she knocks about so much while her incidental expenses are so small.

If a married woman were to sit down with pen and paper and write out her specifications for a second husband, the document would be an interesting one for her present husband to read. The second would or would not be a smoker, according to her experience with the one she already has. The dream of a young girl is to marry a hero of romance, but a widow is more practical. She knows that a man needs to be useful, and if she were putting specifications in writing, she would scarcely mention the color of his eyes, the shape of his nose or the shade of his hair. Good husbands come in all shades and sizes. She would insist that he be a prosperous man, healthy, cheerful, good-natured. Jealousy is much talked of, but, as a rule, it only enters into the calculations of very young persons, or those who desire to give it cause without causing it. She would like him to be a member of Parliament without going into politics, or prowling at night in search of votes. She would like him to be religious, but not more so than herself, as it would make him exacting. He should be big enough to feel like a safe protector on the street, and tall enough to reach down and strike matches on the sole of his boot instead of streaking his trousers with sulphur. He should enjoy reading by the grate in the evening, but not so much that he would resent interruption. He should be a total abstainer but not a bigoted one. Being good-natured and cheerful, yet he should let nobody impose on him, whether a partner, a customer, a landlord or an employer, and, while consulting his wife in all important matters, he should be the kind of man who will not put blame on her shoulders should anything go wrong. One might suppose that men possessing all these merits are scarce, but they are not. Widows are picking them up on the matrimonial market every day. Girls do not know them when they see them.

**I**n cannot be forgotten for a moment that Canada is a country of great distances and in many ways the West, being sparsely settled, puts up with disadvantages that time will remove, but which it would be good business for Eastern Canada to assist in disposing of, if possible, without waiting for the slow hand of time to perform its work. Some day the West will be quite able to take care of itself. In the meantime it would be good business and good patriotism for older Canada to so treat the busy and growing West that there will not be too many grudges to settle when our center of population begins to move towards Winnipeg, as it is bound



THE CONDUCTOR JUMPS HIS JOB.

DR BEATTIE NESBITT — HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF. I KNOW A JOB FOR A FELLOW IN MY RUN-DOWN CONDITION THAT'S BETTER MAKIN' CHANGE AN' HELPIN' PEOPLE OFF AN' ON WITH THEIR BUNDLES.

THE PASSING SHOW

languages over the loss and inconvenience of it. Burn a business block in Toronto and insurance company shareholders in seven kingdoms will mourn the loss.

As for flying from Halifax to London in twelve hours, who wants to make the journey in such haste? Even to go slower and make the trip from Toronto to London in twenty-four hours somewhat exceeds any mortal man's reasonable requirements. The ocean voyage occupying a week in a floating palace would be more to my liking. Before there can be established a safe path in the sky for flying across the Atlantic in twelve or any other number of hours, there will be a new line of skeletons laid across the ocean's floor by adventurous experimenters whose winged steeds have failed them at various stages in their journeys. Will success in the end be worth what it will cost in the earning? What's the hurry from Halifax to London?

**W**HATEVER may be the outcome of the enquiry into the doings of Mr. S. T. Bastedo as Deputy Minister of Fisheries, the man who reads the papers finds the evidence rather petty. It required no such investigation to prove that the Liberal party held office prior to the victory of Mr. Whitney at the polls. Mr. Bastedo served the administration of the day. He did that then, as, no doubt, he does it now. Before giving a contract for a new boiler he enquired as to the politics of the firm. On being asked why he did this, Mr. Bastedo replied: "So we could give the work to friends of the Government." He was asked if that was his policy and the policy of the Liberal Government. "It was then, and it is now," said he. "And you think it right and proper?" "I think it right and proper." Is there a member of Mr. Whitney's cabinet who can read this evidence without feeling his heart warm to Mr. Bastedo? If he is to be stoned let the member of Mr. Whitney's cabinet who has not already put the same idea into practice, cast the first

bursting with a fat hog. He would fear that he would be asked to climb into hay-mows, watch a fanning-mill do its chore, observe a hay-telder vainly kick his heels in air, and when the day was done, tired and full of buttermilk, have to run to catch his train for home.

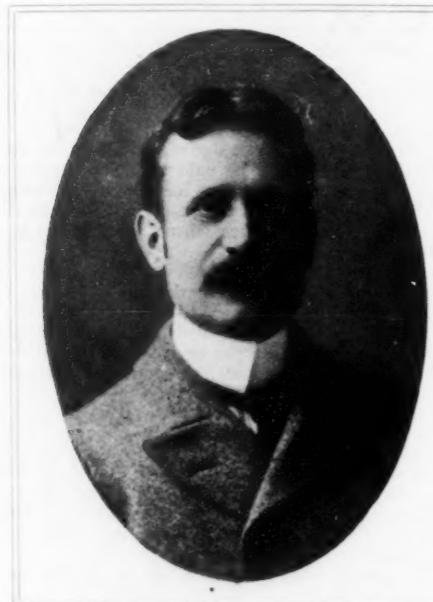
He does not know anything about it. The average man, whether from city, town or farm, will get the surprise of his life when he visits the Guelph Agricultural College. He will be astonished and delighted at every turn. With a total attendance of eleven hundred students, it is a college that ranks with the largest in Canada. It is not one, but a whole settlement of handsome buildings, and the work carried on is practical, experimental and surprising to any intelligent visitor. Whole avenues of possibilities open up at once to the view of the stranger when, for the first time, he comprehends the range of work being carried on there. Ontario has a university of agriculture at Guelph about which the people of the province do not know half enough. It gets right down to the ground on which the people live and effects results such as no other institution in Canada is able to do, and such as no other institution anywhere can surpass. The people do not know enough about it. The newspapers have never given it the attention its merits deserve. The Legislature of Ontario has nothing to its credit that compares as an influence and an asset with the Guelph Agricultural College.

About seventy-five editors of newspapers visited the institution on Saturday last, and were about as much interested as they had been at the World's Fair. It was made apparent to them that this province is bound to make great progress with our agriculturists being led, and led rapidly, into profitable methods by the wise and eager experiments going on at the college. The workers up there do not deal in theory. It is not white-shirt farming they are engaged in. The everyday difficulties of the back line tiller of the soil are grappled with and disposed of, and the way the

to do. A question of this kind, that concerns the news-papers of Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia was up for consideration at the newspapermen's convention in this city last week, and a resolution was passed favoring the establishment of a news service throughout Canada to which a grant of money should be made by the Dominion Government, as is already done towards the cable service from England.

It would be better if this news service could be supplied without aid from the state, but without such aid it does not look feasible at present. In the older provinces the well-established daily papers can well afford to secure for themselves such news from the West as they think they need, although as yet they probably procure less of it than the best interests of the Dominion would call for. Perhaps the Winnipeg dailies are in much the same position, although if the telegraph tolls were lighter they would use the wires more than they do. The newly established dailies, however, of Alberta, where there are three published in the evening and one in the morning, and of Saskatchewan, where one is published in the evening and one in the morning—these are in a very different position. They have to make way in a country where the population is sparse, the distances great, the cost of everything high and the revenue limited. In those two provinces there are now six dailies. In ten years there may be thirty of them. There is a Canadian cable service from England receiving an annual grant from the Dominion, but when this news comes off the cable, the cost of its transmission two thousand miles by land, makes the use of it almost prohibitive in Calgary and other distant points. In actual practice the cable service caters to old rather than to new Canada. It is not shop-talk to speak of this matter. It is a national question in which every citizen should have an interest. This is an age of advertising, and in the west there are now six daily mediums—soon to increase to ten or twenty—that are keen to open their columns to the news and sentiments that belong to the moving life of the nation. Not only so, but they are anxious to exclude the American telegraphic news that is poured upon them at reasonable cost and in unreasonable quantities. As things stand it is commercially possible for the dailies of our Western provinces to get unlimited supplies of news from New York, Washington and Chicago, and only brief and expensive items from Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. Leave the whole question on a strictly commercial basis and the United States will continue to have this advantage in the Canadian West. There are people who worry seriously because this country is flooded with American rather than English magazines and weeklies, yet it is a much more serious matter to find the daily press of the new provinces forced to pack their columns with American rather than Canadian news. If there is one thing more than any other that ought to be "made in Canada" it is the news service that forms the nucleus for the daily papers in the rising towns of the West. That country is rapidly filling up with people from all corners of the world, an ever-growing proportion of them from the republic next door. How can they get their true bearings if, in the local dailies, they get more news from Buffalo than from Toronto and Montreal combined?

THE new Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, B.A., is well-known as a newspaper editor. This year he is president of the Canadian Press Association, and since the regeneration of the Toronto *News* has been associate editor with Mr. Willison, of that journal. Previously he had been connected with the Montreal *Star*, was editor of the Ottawa *Journal* and leader writer on the *Empire* before its amalgamation with the *Mail*. Mr. Colquhoun is at present a member of the Royal Commission on Toronto University and secretary of that body. He was honorary secretary of the local committee that entertained the British Associa-



MR. A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, B.A.,  
Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario.

ation for the Advancement of Science in this city in 1897. Mr. Colquhoun graduated from McGill in 1885, with first-class honors in English literature, languages and history, being awarded the Shakespeare gold medal.

The new Deputy Minister is known among journalists as one of the highest authorities we have on Canadian history, and as having a keen interest in educational matters. In leaving journalism he quits a field where he stood in the very front rank, and I do not believe that any other man but Hon. J. P. Whitney could have induced him to resign from the *News* to undertake other work. He is known to have been for several years past one of the Premier's most intimate personal friends, and his selection must be taken to mean that the Government propose to aim at the highest efficiency in the educational system. A man of thorough culture, quiet manners and sound opinions, the new Deputy Minister is an acquisition to the public service.

ENOUGH has been revealed by the investigation into the building accounts of the new City Hall to beckon the investigators on into a closer scrutiny of the whole matter. Men who are away should be sent for. This is no time for men to be away. Although the climate is cold, the investigations going on this winter have had a tendency to warm things up somewhat. Toronto has been getting some good medicine. The present enquiry was begun on the suspicion that some of the aldermen—those aldermen whose lack of business standing is the constant regret of the Board of Trade and of top-lofty candidates who now and then deign to enter the field only to find that the foolish people reject them—had made money out of the building contracts when the municipal palace was being constructed. Not much headway has been made in the desired direction, but, here, as almost on every side, the searchlight seems to expose the business methods in vogue in the city as being based on the plumbers' plan, "You help hold him, and I'll divvy up what I get out of him."

When the courts get through with a full enquiry into the City Hall contracts there is no telling what exposures

will have been made, but enough is known already to warrant an investigation of every tender put in and every contract let. The city may not make any money out of it, but a chance here presents itself for conducting, on behalf of the public, an exposure that will reveal business methods as they are followed in Toronto, and one result will be to indicate to a rising generation where the lines of honesty, now blurred over, used to be distinctly marked.

With plumbers and others raking in gains by such methods as have led to their conviction, it is fair cause for surprise that our aldermen, subject as they are to continual temptation, have not been revealed by the first flash of the searchlight as a sworn and prosperous band of robbers. They have been belittled for years, their lack of either landed or business interests has been a constant reproach to them. They have controlled a great annual revenue, and they have done this in a city where the moral standards that govern the transaction of business have, in some instances, been shown to be of the brigand order. It is almost time to ask: If the aldermen are not crooked, how and from whom have they learned to be straight? If the man in business is after money by hook or crook, how expect the aldermen to pass spotless through temptations much beyond those that beset the ordinary man? So far as they have been searched as yet the aldermen of Toronto have not been found with stolen fortunes in their clothes. That disinterested but influential person, the Average Citizen, however, wants to see the whole affair concerning the building of the new City Hall examined by microscope—now that a start has been made—so that old business standards, where they weaken, can be re-established, and so that the idea will be dispelled that any deal, if shady, can be hushed up and forgotten if it can be covered from sight for a year or two. The people want a square deal even if they can't get it until a long time after it was due. MACK.

#### The Macdonald Institute Girls.

[The members of the Canadian Press Association were entertained at lunch by the girls of the Macdonald Institute at Guelph last Saturday.]

The editor men who visited Guelph—  
The bachelor chaps at least—  
Are all dreaming still, dear Macdonald girls,  
Of your luncheon that was a feast;  
As back we have come to the hurried meal,  
To the restaurants' bustle and noise,  
Don't you think we recall rather wistfully  
Your quietness, deftness and poise?

Don't you think when our copy is in for the day,  
And there's time after dinner to smoke,  
That we think then of you and make plans far ahead—  
Don't laugh, please, because it's no joke.  
We dream that some day all our meals will be like  
Your luncheon of Saturday—  
All properly cooked and daintily served  
In Macdonald Institute way.

They say that you learn to do sewing as well,  
And to "do up" things plain and with frills;  
You're certainly going the right way about  
Relieving poor man of his ills.  
Indeed, Mr. Creelman, you've tempted us all  
To throw down the pen for the plough  
And to lead the life simple and happy, care-free,  
A Macdonald girl teaching us how.

What a country 'twould be if each home in the land  
Were but marked by your orderly quiet,  
If each boarding-house, hotel, aid restaurant, too,  
Learned from you to exchange rest for riot!  
For the lessons you're learning and learning well, too,  
Are more useful than lessons by book.  
Art and music are good, but the average man  
Cries, "Hurrah for the girl who can cook."

So here's to you all, wholesome Guelph College girls,  
With your faces so rosy and bright;  
Go on learning how to bring joy to the home,  
In your dainty blue toggy and white.  
Good health and good fortune to you, every one;  
We hope life will be fair to you,  
And bring happiness to each heartsome lass there—  
You deserve it—yes, really, you do.

HAL.

#### Sidelights on Notabilities

**S**IR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, the phenomenally successful English publisher, who was recently elevated to the peerage, has taken the title of Lord Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet. The selection is a happy and natural one, as he is much attached to his home on the Kentish isle.

A little volume of verse called *Infelicia*, which was published in England in 1868, attracted much attention. The verse was so good that a number of critics pronounced it to be the work of Charles Algernon Swinburne. There is no longer any doubt as to the authorship of *Infelicia*, however. Miss Adah Isaacs Merker, whose name appeared on the title page, really wrote the book. She was a noted circus-rider, who married Helen, the prize-fighter, the famous antagonist of Tom Sayers.

John Brisben Walker was the pioneer in the steam automobile business, and, at one time, the factory of the Mobile Company of America, at Kingsland-Point-on-the-Hudson, employed nearly one thousand men. Mr. Walker was warned that the gasoline motor would take the lead in automobiles, but persisted in his devotion to steam, with the result that he soon found himself loaded with losses exceeding \$1,700,000. Mr. Walker personally assumed the indebtedness of the Mobile Company of America, and not only paid it off in full, but returned to every stockholder the amount of his investment, with interest. This action required the sale of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, Kingsland Point, and other properties.

Marshall Field was the largest individual taxpayer in the United States, and was richer than most people imagined. Good judges now place his fortune at a point near \$200,000,000. He was born in 1835, on a little farm near Conway, Mass. When he was seventeen years old he went to work in a country store. After four years he went to Chicago, and there he obtained a place as clerk with Cooley, Farwell & Co., a wholesale dry-goods house. He remained clerk a year or two, when his employers promoted him. In 1860, he was taken into partnership, and from that day Marshall Field's fortune was firmly established. He lost \$3,500,000 in the great fire of 1871, and \$2,500,000 in insurance was collected. Twenty years later the business aggregated \$35,000,000, and now it is estimated at about twice that figure.

With kindly consideration *Who's Who* of London, England, notes that Sarah Bernhardt was sixty years old not longer ago than last October. The divine Sarah's age is a matter that no longer deeply concerns anyone. It is of interest, however, to note that her real name is not Sarah Bernhardt any more than the late Sir Henry Irving's name was Irving. Her surname is Damala, and it is said her real Christian name is Rosine. If so the *Tatler* thinks she must have adopted the more patriarchal and commonplace forename just to show how

easily she could lift even the commonplace into the regions of romantic glory. Perhaps, on the other hand, the act was prophetic. The Scriptural Sarah played her part in a great tragedy in the tents of Abraham. Her successor plays hers in the tents of Barnum. May she always keep young!

The saying goes that when anything startling happens in any part of the world there is sure to be a Scotchman mixed up in it. It is now pointed out that Mr. W. R. Hearst, who has been making things lively for Tammany in New York, is of Scottish descent. Mr. Hearst's grandfather, it is said, came from the land of the heather. He had the Scottish persistency so notable in W. R. He was a Missouri horse-trader at one time, but managed to make a United States senator of himself. His son, the father of the New York editor, upheld the family traditions by doing his share of roaming and by making a big fortune in California. We do not all admire Mr. W. R. Hearst's newspapers, but we can all admire his quiet, steady, persistent methods of doing the things he sets out to do. He certainly seems to possess many of the winning Scottish characteristics.



**Wm. Stitt & Co.**

Ladies' Tailors and Costumier

Handsome materials for Tailor-made Suits.

DAINTY GOWNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

MILLINERY

Gloves.

Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves.

Evening Gloves in all the newest shadings and colorings.

CORSETS

The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon; also C. B. Corsets.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

11 & 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

#### Will You Walk

into our showrooms when you are looking for anything in house decoration. We have a variety of wall-coverings embracing wallpapers, silks, linens, grasscloths, anaglypta, burlaps, etc., a variety unapproached elsewhere in Canada. We show also a few pieces of very choice mahogany furniture and will take your order for any special piece you may desire. We have our own designers, our own cabinet-makers and our own workshops.

**Elliott & Son, LIMITED**  
70 King St. W.

**GOWANS KENT & CO**

**CUT GLASS**

The finest cut glass made in the world

**Made in Canada**

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

**14-16 FRONT ST. E.**

#### Entree Dishes



Our entree dishes are the best made. There is no soft metal in them and their finish is all that could be desired. They are made of course with lock handles and oblong or oval in shape. Prices run from \$9 to \$15.

**WANLESS & CO.**  
ESTABLISHED 1840.  
168 Yonge Street, Toronto

#### St. Valentine's Day Who'll be her Valentine?

Nothing could be in better taste than those stylish VIOLETS tied with a violet tassel and arranged in a violet box. They make a most acceptable present.

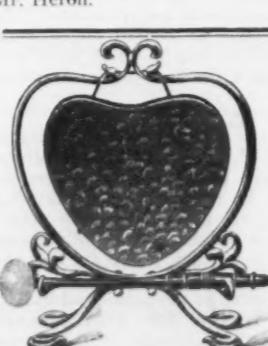
Send for price-list of all seasonable flowers.

**Dunlop's**

5 King St. W.

TORONTO.

#### BRASS KETTLES and TABLE-GONGS



We have a good assortment of patterns in these useful household articles at prices from \$2.50 to \$10.00 each.

Write for Catalogue.



Brass Kettles from \$2.50 to \$10.00 each.

**Rice Lewis & Son Limited**

Cor. King and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

February 10, 1906

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

**Extraordinary Offer**

We are offering Two Hundred  
Fine Linen Double Damask  
Table-Cloths

Bought at one-third off regular prices  
(owing to very trifling imperfections)  
and marked at corresponding reductions.

Sizes in yards:  
2x2 1-2; 2x3; 2x3 1-2;  
2x2; 2 1-2x2 1-2; 3x3  
2 1-2x3; 2 1-2x3 1-2; 2 1-2x4;  
2 1-2x4 1-2; 2 1-2x5; 2 1-2x6;  
2 1-2x7.

Referring to them our buyer says:  
"As these goods are of a very high-class character, most chaste and effective in designs, and the damages practically nil, I have no hesitation in saying this lot represents the best value ever secured in this way."

**ON SALE NOW**

We have marked them so as to give our customers the advantage of the reduction received from the manufacturers.

Make selections soon.

ESTABLISHED 1864

**JOHN CATTO & SON**  
King Street—Opposite the Post Office  
Toronto

**Smart  
and  
Stylish  
Effect**

Our Skirts are tailored to retain their shape and good appearance until worn out. We have quite a number of SPRING STYLES in our show-rooms already, and cordially invite your inspection of same.

Ladies' own materials made up.

**The Skirt Specialty Co.**  
102 KING STREET WEST,  
J. G. Mitchener, Mgr.  
Phone Main 3349.

**PUZZLED.**

"I NEVER RECEIVED SO MANY GOOD PROOFS IN MY LIFE. IT IS DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE BECAUSE I LIKE THEM ALL!"  
SUCH COMMENTS ARE MADE EVERY DAY AT THIS STUDIO.

PERCIVAL DEAN,  
Portraits by Photography  
STUDIO—239 COLLEGE ST.  
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**LADIES**  
may save trouble and annoyance at home by sending the family washing to us.  
Special Rates for this work are made by

**THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY**  
45 Elm Street  
Phone 1580.

**OSTEOPATHY**  
- Jessie M. Coopers  
Osteopath  
Graduate of American School of OSTEOPATHY, under  
Dr. A. T. Still, Founder of the Science  
Treating all Diseases of Women  
and Children  
WITH  
TORONTO INSTITUTE OF OSTEOPATHY  
687 BLOORWORSE STREET  
ESTABLISHED 1897  
NO VIBRATORS NO HYPNOTISM

**Fashion's Decree Short Sleeves**

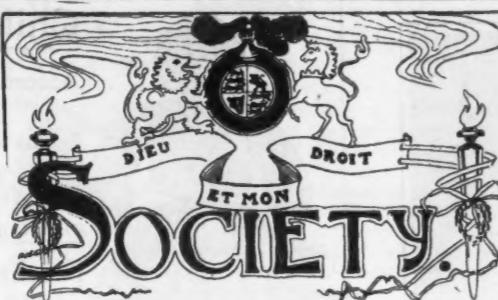
Many ladies are sensitive about hair on their faces; how about the arms now that Dame Fashion orders short sleeves? The nice and plump the arms the worse the down shows. See us about our treatment for the permanent removal of

**Superfluous Hair.**

from the face, neck, hands or arms. We guarantee satisfaction to everyone. Consultation invited. Call or write. Treatment at Institute for all facial disfigurements. Handsome booklet on request. Tel. N. 1666.

**Graham Dermatological Institute**  
502 Church St. Toronto. Estab. 1892.

**CHURCH POSITION WANTED.**  
A graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, (contralto) would accept a church position, (soloist). Experienced. Box H 14, "Saturday Night."



RECEPTION DAYS.

Mrs. Charles Boeckh, 244 St. George street—Fridays in February.

Mrs. L. Goldman, 176 St. George—2 and 3 Fridays.

Mrs. D. W. Livingstone and Mrs. H. W. Caster, 265 Delaware avenue—2nd Tuesday.

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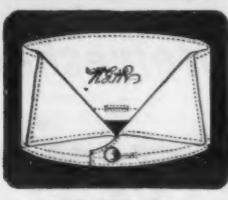
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FAIRFAX

By actual test it has been proven that linen collars give the best resistance to laundry wear and tear.

Do you think of that when you are buying, or do you just ask for "a collar"?

It will pay you in wear to insist on

**H&R LINEN COLLARS**

20 cents each. 3 for 50 cents.

All styles, all sizes.

*H&R* Makers, Berlin, Canada.

## Prescriptions

Andrew Jeffrey,

Yonge and Carlton Streets.

### Cleanliness Next to Godliness

The only way to get thoroughly cleansed is to take a Turkish Bath at Cook's.

Ordinary baths only clean the surface of the skin, but Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths open and clean out the seven million pores in the body, clearing the system of poisonous matters and uric acid.

The circulation is increased, the nervous system strengthened, the digestion aided, in fact the whole system starts off with a bound as if new life had been imparted.

Converts are being made all the time. Now is your time to be converted and understand how to keep clean and enjoy good health.

202-204 King Street West, Toronto.

**Shortbread and Fancy Cakes for Receptions**

*Gole's*  
719 Yonge Street

**LIOLA CREAM**

for face and hands. It is not greasy and will not cause hair growth. Try it before using powder.

**Hudou's Preparations**  
**Huyler's Candies**

**W. H. LEE**  
King Edward Drug Store  
Phone Main 4600.

The Southern California New Train,  
—Best Route.

The Los Angeles Limited, electric lighted, new from the Pullman shops, with all the latest innovations for travel comfort, leaves Chicago 10:05 p.m. daily, arrives Los Angeles 4:45 p.m. third day, via Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, and The Salt Lake Route. Pullman drawing room and tourist sleeping cars, composite observation car, dining cars, à la carte service. For rates sleeping car reservations and full particulars, apply to your nearest agent or address, B. H. Bennett, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.

The Traders' Fire Insurance Company.

The statement for 1905 of the Traders' Fire Insurance Company, which appears on another page of this paper to-day, shows an excellent progress on which the directors and shareholders were able to congratulate themselves. The present extension of the company's business into Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, has led to sound and profitable business. While the average fire loss ratio of companies has been from 50 to 55 per cent. of their net premium income, the Traders' has escaped with a fire loss of about 40 per cent. The company shows a surplus for last year of \$22,055, and an excess of assets over liabilities of \$333,134.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye as *Svengali* and Miss Jane Oaker as *Trilby* in the revival of *Trilby* at the Princess next week.

### Social and Personal

Captain Stewart Wilkie, R.C.A., is visiting his father, Mr. D. R. Wilkie. He is now stationed at Quebec.

The news of the engagement of Rev. Egerton Ryerson and Miss Mary Nevitt, daughter of Dr. Nevitt of Bloor street west, was one of the interesting announcements this week. Mr. Ryerson has been home on vacation for some time from his mission in Japan, and has persuaded Miss Nevitt to become Mrs. Ryerson in Easter week, and return with him to the Flowery Kingdom. Needless to say there arises a chorus of mingled congratulation and regret from the hosts of friends of the bride-elect and that all good wishes will follow her to far Japan.

A big tea down town on Saturday and the pleasure offered to habitues of the Strollers' Club by the excellent programme provided by Mrs. Harley Roberts brought unwonted numbers of folk who seldom do King street after two o'clock, into the "city." Miss Foy's tea was a very large one, the list of invitations mounting to over five hundred, I am told, but provision was so carefully made for their reception that one scarcely realized their number. The usual suite was used for receiving, Miss Foy, slight and girlish, gracefully greeting her guests at the door of the Turkish room, and when the tea-rooms beyond became crowded, there were host and hostesses directing late comers to the *cafe*, where a screened passage led to a huge tea-room at the north end of the room. Everywhere the place was sunny with daffodils, the flowers and foliage being massed without any disturbing color, and everyone admiring the effect. Miss Foy wore a fawn *crepe* gown with touches of tan velvet. Her sisters were in white gowns, and Mr. and Mrs. James Foy were also busy, with the Attorney-General, looking after all the guests. Miss Mortimer Clark and the Misses Park, the Premier and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Whitney, the Minister of Education and Mrs. Foy, the Speaker, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Lady Thompson, Lady Mulock, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Colonel and Miss Mary Mason, Mrs. Wallace Nesbit and Miss Sovereign, Mr. H. and Miss Cassels, Mr. Geary, Mr. Claude Macdonell, Mrs. and Miss Marie Macdonell, Mrs. Lynd, Colonel and Mrs. J. B. McLean, Colonel Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Myles, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Polson, Mrs. Gouinlock, Mr. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. and Miss Machray, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mr. Armour and a great contingent of the young set were among Miss Foy's guests. It was a coincidence of last week that two dances and a formal reception on Friday and Saturday had for their hosts and hostess a widower, a couple of bachelors and a gentle young girl. However, each was ably supported by friends and relatives, who did nobly, and the success of everything was most gratifying.

Friends were disturbed last Saturday by news of the serious illness of Mrs. W. T. Murray of Crescent road, who, however, I hear, is now quite better.

A number of luncheons and bridges have taken up the days this week, and no end of evening engagements have been keeping everyone busy. The Ben Greet plays at Massey Hall have been a revelation to thousands, and in all directions one hears encomiums on "the simple drama ably played," from persons who confess they "came to scoff and remained"—to enjoy and applaud. The meretricious stage effects and gorgeous trappings of Irving's Shakespeare plays give place to a simplicity almost meagre and yet more convincing than the most elaborate and lavish stagecraft. To have heard and seen *Macbeth* as Ben Greet's players presented it was a liberal education, and the same may be said of the entire series of dramas presented.

Miss Rawlings, who was visiting Mrs. Tom Hollway, left for England with her mother on Wednesday by the Teutonic.

Half a dozen luncheons were *en train* on Thursday, among others one given by Mrs. James Scott in Rosedale, a small *dejeuner* by Mrs. Sidney Small, who left this week with Mr. Small for Washington to attend Miss Roosevelt's wedding reception, and a cosy little gathering in the Yellow Room at McConkey's, hastily gotten up for the bride, Mrs. Tom Delamere, who came with her bride-

groom for a brief visit to his people this week. Mr. and Mrs. Delamere have been quietly entertained during their short visit by relatives and friends, and were guests at Government House on Tuesday night. They have gone to Stratford to reside.

The engagement of Mr. J. Ernest Proctor, second son of Mr. J. A. Proctor of Grenville street, and Miss Charlotte Nicholls, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederic Nicholls of The Homewood, is announced.

Among the out-of-town guests at the Government House dance on Tuesday were Mr. Newton, brother of Captain Newton, A.D.C., Rideau Hall, and nephew of Lord Dundonald, and Captain Stewart. Among the brides and grooms of recent months were Mr. and Mrs. Temple McMurrich, the latter one of the prettiest young matrons in town. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Playboy, the bride very fair and winsome, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bickford, Mrs. Bickford, one of the brightest and most charming of women, Captain and Mrs. Hector Reid, who are having a most pleasant visit with Captain Reid's people, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere, the girlish bride from Winnipig being greeted with hearty welcomes from her husband's Toronto friends. Miss Sovereign came with Mrs. Nesbit, Miss Moncrief with Mrs. Mulock, Miss Barrow and Miss Codrington with Miss Ina Matthews. These and some others added to the interest of a very jolly dance.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Kilgour have removed from 84 Wellesley street to 578 Jarvis street, where Mrs. Kilgour will receive on Mondays.

Mr. Hamilton L. Gilmour, captain of McGill University Hockey Club, and a very popular Ottawa boy, was in town recently. Mr. Gilmour is an especial favorite with everyone here and in Ottawa and Montreal university, social and athletic circles.

Miss Hobson of Hamilton was in town for a flying visit on Wednesday.

Dr. Clarence W. Field of Milton, a Toronto graduate studying in Edinboro', has been granted the triple qualification entitling him to L.R.C.P. and L.R.C.S., Edinboro', and L.F.P. and S., Glasgow. Dr. Field will continue his studies in London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin.

Mrs. Peterson, 318 St. George street, is giving a tea next Tuesday afternoon, February 13.

The French Club of the Berlitz School of languages will meet at 449 Spadina avenue Saturday, February 17th, at eight o'clock. Strangers speaking French are cordially invited.

### A Pleasing Growth.

Production in Winnipeg of A. R. Gaul's Cantata, *The Ten Virgins*—A Good Chor.

There is no better way of advancing the taste of a community than by the cultivation of choral music of the best type. It is particularly interesting, therefore, to all lovers of music to know of the recent production in Winnipeg at St. Augustine's Church of Alfred R. Gaul's fine cantata, *The Ten Virgins*, a work which, by the way, has never had public performance in Toronto. Mr. J. J. Moncrief has forwarded to us the programme, which indicates that tenors are much more plentiful in the Western city than in Toronto. There is scarcely a church choir in this city which can boast of twelve, certainly not a church where the total membership of the choir is under fifty. The press reports of the concert were very flattering and specially kind notices were given to Mr. Glenn Hall, of New York, who sang the tenor solos. Mr. Hall is well-known as one of the most competent tenors in concert and oratorio work, and, moreover, a man of broad musical culture and artistic taste. In view of these facts, his opinion is worthy of special consideration. After the concert in St. Augustine's Church, he wrote as follows to Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's Winnipeg Office: "It gives me great pleasure to express my sincere admiration of the Gourlay piano furnished for my recital last evening. Its full, rich tone was surprising in an upright piano. It was most satisfactory." Mr. Hall's opinion coincides with those of hundreds of other musicians who have the Gourlay leading the van among the pianos of America.

### Children's Pleated Skirts

Accordion, Sunburst, Kilt, Double Kilt and Box-Pleated Styles.

Ask for catalogue showing different styles and prices. We make skirts ready to wear. Material to be supplied by customer.

Pleating and Fancy Stitches of all kinds.

Featherbone Novelty Co., LIMITED  
266-274 King Street West

Tel. { Main 3503  
Main 3504

BRANCH OFFICE

108 YONGE STREET

Toronto

Montreal, Room 16 Birks' Building.

### RENTS ARE UP AND UP TO STAY

THE MANAGEMENT OF

## The Arlington Hotel

invites the patronage of tourists and of the citizens of Toronto who wish to enjoy at very moderate rates all the comforts of an up-to-date Hostelry. Excellent Table. Cuisine Perfect. Rates Very Moderate. Full particulars regarding rates, etc., will be gladly given upon application.

GEO. H. FLEMING, Manager.

### PRINCESS WEEK OF FEB. 12

## WILTON LACKAYE

IN WM. A. BRADY'S MASSIVE AND STUPENDOUS PRODUCTIONS

MON., TUES., THURS. AND SAT. EVENINGS.

THE PIT

Adapted from Frank Norris' Famous Novel 200—People on the Stage—200

WED. AND FRID. EVENINGS.  
WED. AND SAT. MATINEES.

TRILBY

Tenth Anniversary Revival Paul M. Potter's version of Du Maurier's celebrated novel.

### Photographs

How can you expect true work—best work—if you don't go to the best photographer?

Mr. H. E. Simpson is the artist in charge of our studio. That's the particular reason why you may expect best art here.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED

### The Mendelssohn Choir OF TORONTO.

A. S. Vogt, Conductor.

In association with

The Pittsburg Orchestra

Emil Paur, Conductor.

FOUR CONCERTS. Massey Hall

Feb. 13, 14 and 17th, 1906.

Soloists:

Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Soprano;  
Mme. Isabelle Bouton, Contralto;

Mr. Theodor Van Yorx, Tenor;  
Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, Bass; of  
New York.

Mr. Henry Bramsen, Cello.

Plan opens to general public at Massey Hall, Saturday at 9 a.m. sharp.

T. A. Reed, Secretary.

Summer Tour

From \$1.50. For full programme, write

Rev. Dr. Withrow

TORONTO

The Globe of Death

Presented by Wizard and Irene Stone

MAME REMINGTON

and her Picks

THREE CAMARAS SISTERS

European acrobats

Frank &amp; Jen Latona

Comedy Musical Sketch

THE DILLON BROS.

In Song Treatment

SPISSAL BROS. &amp; MACK

"Fun in a Cafe."

THE KINETOGRAPH.

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**Lady Gay's Column**

HAVE often been thankful that in childhood days I made acquaintance with an astronomer. It was not what you're thinking of, a wise old greybeard with his eye glued to a telescope; my astronomer was a gentle lady, isolated from her sort by circumstances which she accepted for love's sake, passing her days in the busy routine of the farmer's wife, and sometimes spending a couple of hours in the evening, with an opera-glass, looking out her friends among the glittering hosts on high. She taught me the wondrous fascination which lies in the contemplation of those glorious remote and exquisite things about which we sometimes wonder and theorize and speculate, but which are ever distant in their brilliancy and beauty, ever sitting on thrones before which the watching soul is fain to bow almost in worship. It is in my heart sometimes to cry out to some extra lonely one, and only the shadow of some big policeman keeps me from standing in the King's highway these winter nights to watch Orion stride across the zenith, or to pick out the twinkling, dear little Pleiades as they cuddle together like a diamond breast-pin for the mantle of Jove. I can distinctly hear the gentle voice of the farmeress as she tells me the story of the White Crow, "Corvus," and shows me the four stars that tip his beak, tail and outspread pinions, and how the tale-bearing (I nearly said "tail") he indulged in Olympus resulted in his being changed to his present sable hue. And the graceful "Lady in the Chair," Cassiopeia, with her story, and pretty Cygnus and Corona, and those glorious summer constellations, Sagittarius and Scorpio, the serpent ever writhing away from the archer, and the archer ever drawing his bow taut, with his arrow pointing direct at the red heart of the serpent. Everyone knows the Great Bear, some know the little one, a few can pick out the Sickle and The Twins and the Warrior and the Scales, but I rarely come across anyone who takes the least interest in the glorious things. Here and there, aboard ship, where one wants an excuse to stop late on deck, or at some summer resort, when it is too hot for anything indoors, one meets people ready to take a passing interest in the stars. They acquiesce politely in the fact of their beauty, and straightway talk of something else. It is seldom one discovers the unity of impulse to be silent under the majesty and loveliness of these mysterious and compelling children of the night, to wait for the curious uplifting and inspiration which follows their contemplation, and the passion of admiration, longing, and assurance of great things yet to be known which shakes one like the wind in the palm tree. Rubbish! you say, returning to your little round. And while you say it, I am more and more glad that in care-free, receptive, leisure days, kind fate sent me near the gentle astronomer.

Therefore, who asks as my correspondent does, "Can one attain it after maturity?" realize that one may still go on improving it through eternity. The "perfectly cultured" person, whom one hears thus glibly labelled, may be a book-worm, a litterateur, a perfect Chesterfield in manner, and yet lack a vital part of completion. It is the fashion to sneer at culture, to spell it with a drawl and an affectation, but really it is merely the expression and the expansion of the good that is in us, by every means at our disposal, and the realization of the ideal life and its purpose.

Here are some of the little wrecks of child life which you may have met. "My little girl won't be put off with dresses made at home. She isn't happy unless she thinks they come from—So I just have the sewing-girl come and measure her, and bring her things home with my old tags sewn on the bands, and she thinks she's as big a swell as I am." "No, I can't go to the theater, unless it's a matinee, for if she thought I'd go without her, I'd have a scene with Dollie. But just ask me for dinner, and I'll meet you at the theater at eight. We can dine at the hotel, and John can go to the club." "What can I do about Eddie? He has his cigars, and he wears all my best neckties, and by Jove! sir, he spends more money over the bar than I do." And last of these actual utterances, "Well, I'll go, but don't tell mother we even know about it. The dear old rump would be sure to forbid me. She's just hopelessly antique!" This was from a beautiful, precocious and well-born girl of fourteen, in answer to an invitation to a supper, given a short distance out of town by a trio of young students to a couple of their schoolgirl chums. I don't know which I felt most sorry for the clothes-mad brat, with her mother's smart modiste's labels on her frock-bands, the fretful cry-baby whose parents had to lie and scheme to get an evening off; the precocious boy whose father couldn't even call his clothes his own, or the beautiful, wilful, reckless girl who held her mother up to ridicule. Little wrecks of child life, that time meant to be golden fair, that time of the waxlike mind, the fresh ideal! Saints and angels! how we drift from the shore!

LADY GAY.

Heroes.

Deficiency in heroism is something in which we are unable to believe. Mr. Carnegie's fund for labeling the heroic never struck us as a felicitous conception, and the failure, therefore, of his committee to uncover a first-class heroic act in the year 1905 leaves us still with an abiding faith that heroism thrives every day without notoriety or award of medals. Of course, there are special conditions attached to the Carnegie fund, the special hero, among other things, needing to exhibit courage at "great personal risk of life." Perhaps the risk of life is not the only proof of bravery, but, even if it were, such risks are taken daily by nurses, doctors, mothers, and many another in ways that lie beyond the reach of decorating committees. It may be questioned whether this collection of gentlemen, put together for the purpose of courage in certain conspicuous proceedings, is engaged in a work of any profound benefit to the race.—"Collier's."

A Scotchman's Answer.

On board one of the Scotch steamers, which have to be built with exceeding light draft to get over the frequent shallows of one of the rivers in Scotland, a Yankee tourist remarked to the captain, a shrewd old Scotchman: "I guess, skipper, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow when there has been a heavy fall of dew." "That's so," replied the captain, "though occasionally we ha'e to send a man ahead wi' a watering-can."



THE EXPERT STRAP-HANGER.

Voice from above—Don't leave go, Jimmy, whatever you do. Jimmy—That's all right old man. I travel between Parkdale and Yonge Street twice a day.

None to Take His Place.

A traveler was once passing on horseback through a backwoods region where the inhabitants were notoriously shiftless. Arriving at a dilapidated shanty at the noon hour, he inquired what were the prospects for getting dinner.

The head of the family, who had been absorbed in "resting" on a log in front of his dwelling, replied that he "guessed mad' hev suthin' onto the table putty soon."

Thus encouraged, the traveler dismounted. But, to his chagrin, he found the food to be such that he could not force himself to partake of it. Making such excuses as he could for lack of appetite, he happily bethought himself of a kind of nourishment that he might venture to take there, and one sure to be found on a farm. He asked for some milk.

"We don't haev milk any more," drawled the head of the house. "The dog's dead—died week afore last."

"The dog!" cried the traveler. "But what has that got to do with it?" "Well," explained the host, meditatively, "the critters don't seem to know 'ough ter c'm up ter be milked themselves. The dog, he used ter go 'n fetch 'em up."—Youth's Companion.

A £6,000 Bed!

Mademoiselle Sorel, the brilliant and popular French actress, who is a member of that wonderful theatrical society and cast known as the Comédie Française, is the proud possessor of one of the most beautiful, as well as perhaps the most costly, bed in the world. Paris society has gone quite crazy over what Dickens was, we think, the first to describe as "objects of bigotry and virtue." Old chateaux are ransacked for furniture treasures, and as French women often use their bedchambers as sitting-rooms, receiving their friends and even acquaintances to afternoon tea there, beautiful and costly couches, especially those dating from the days of the sumptuous Italian and French Renaissance, attain quite fancy prices, especially when they happen to be like that specimen which belongs to Mademoiselle Sorel, in a perfect state of preservation. Needless to say, everything concerning this £6,000 couch is in keeping: the curtains are of the most exquisite old brocade, the coverlet is of real lace, and every article of furniture in the room is unique of its kind.

IN MATCHTOWN

Fortunately no Faith Was Required, for She Had None.

"I had no faith whatever, but on the advice of a half hearty old gentleman who spoke from experience, I began to use Grape-Nuts about two years ago," writes an Ohio woman living in Barberton, who says she is 40, is known to be fair, and admits that she is growing plump on the new diet.

"I shall not try to tell you how I suffered for years from a deranged stomach that rejected almost all sorts of food, and assimilated what little was forced upon it only at the cost of great distress and pain. I was treated by many different doctors and they gave me many different medicines, and I even spent seven years in exile from my home, thinking change of scene might do me good. You may judge of the gravity of my condition when I tell you I was sometimes compelled to use morphine for weeks at a time.

"For two years I have eaten Grape-Nuts at least twice a day and I can now say that I have perfect health. I have taken no medicine in all that time—Grape-Nuts has done it all. I can eat absolutely anything I wish, without stomach distress. I am a business woman and can walk my two or three miles a day and feel better for doing so. I have to use brains in my work, and it is remarkable how quick, alert and tireless my mental powers have become." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

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A SCOTTISH ECHO.

The late Sims Reeves was fond of telling a story relating to an early engagement in Glasgow which was arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items on the programme was "Hail! Smiling Morn," and Mr. Reeves was put down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the London agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged.

The whole matter was settled hurriedly. Mr. Reeves was at first inclined to accept, as other engagements prevented him reaching Glasgow in time for a rehearsal with the choir.

"Don't worry about that, my dear sir," said the agent. "You will find the choir perfect."

The concert was a success, and in due course "Hail! Smiling Morn" was called for. When the soloist came to the lines requiring an echo, he delivered them in his best manner: "At whose bright presence darkness flies away." Imagine his horror when the echo repeated his words in the broadest Scotch:

"Flees awa'; flees awa'!"

Yet Sims Reeves avers that not a person in the audience smiled or appeared to see anything incongruous. When he talked over the matter with a bairlie after the concert, the good man assured him:

"That's just nothing at all. You were a little wrang in your pronunciation, and the echo was correct. You see, it was Scottish echo."—London "Tit-Bits."

Male Servitude.

To hear some people talk one would think that every woman's husband was a Cabinet Minister. "Men," they say, "go out to sweep the septer and to rule, while women sit at home." Men, as a matter of fact, go out to be shouted at and ordered about like niggers all day. The ordinary man is not a pirate captain, nor a Prime Minister, nor the head man in an American trust, but merely the servant of a business.

Canadian Alpine Club.

The movement toward a Canadian Alpine Club, to exploit the mountains of Canada, deserves attention from every patriotic citizen. It is proposed for the present to affiliate with the American Alpine Club, which has done so much to make the Canadian Mountains known to the world, and has a splendid record for valuable discoveries regarding the glacier phenomena, as well as a large number of record ascents of many of the most notable peaks. It is to be regretted that so little is known of the glorious mountains of Canada, which for scenery are the envy of the world, but to the shame of Canadians, it is said, that the region explored is small as compared with that which is unknown, or as yet barely touched. Therefore, there is ample work for Canadians to tell the world of the snow clad peaks, shining glaciers, boundless forests and rushing mountain torrents, found in our uncharted land of crags and canyons.

A hunter discovered recently, a short distance from the great transcontinental railway, caves which have proved to be marvellously wonderful and beautiful. What other interesting features are hidden in our mountains remains for the Canadian Alpine Club to discover. Then let there be no uncertain reply to the Challenge of the Mountains, and may there be many who will answer the call for the formation of a Canadian Club, now being made by Arthur C. Wheeler, F.R.G.S., Banff, Alberta.



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**OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY**

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited Osteopath is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

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The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

**The Man in the Valley**

BY SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

T had been no accident, then; she had felt quite sure that it was not. She opened the letter crumpled in her hand and read it again. It was brief. It said only that the man who was not a stranger to her, although the tie that bound them was no more than a handful of dead violets, found it impossible to forget her loneliness. And the hunger in her eyes as they rested on the mountains, the letter said, had turned the hills he loved into a prison wall that shut her in from the life beyond them.

A soft little color mounted to the very roots of Mary Carleton's hair; a curious little exultation thrilled her. She had been so alone. All her life down to the very day the gray-eyed city doctor had tapped her chest and explored and listened as he talked to her, saying by way of preparation that the condition was an old pneumonic one, she had been alone.

"It isn't that yet," he had said kindly. "I want to get you away before it is that. Five thousand feet up. I know the very place. A college mate of mine has the hospital, and it's on the shoulder of a big rugged mountain down South. You'll feel like a fighting cock after a few weeks of that air blowing through you. They, the natives, call it God's country, and it is."

"But, doctor," she had said, when the meaning of what it meant to her to give up had beaten in on her dazed brain, "I can't go! Life is just coming to mean something. I've been climbing stairs of sand all along, struggling and starving but climbing, and now—now that they are turning into marble—I—I'd eat my heart out to get back. I," she had implored, "can't go!"

For a long moment there had been silence, then, as if from a distance, the doctor's voice had swayed to her, saying: "It's too late to stay. You must go at once—tomorrow."

A little smile touched Mary Carleton's crimson lips and traveled over to her shadowed eyes. It almost seemed that in her need she had found a friend; it almost seemed that she had called and he had answered.

The morning he had dropped down beside her, as she sat aloof from the hospital inmates in her special corner of the portico, he was awaiting directions for his day's tramp. She had suddenly felt herself a ghost chained to a walking couch but with strength still left to creep into the sunshine and watch the passing of this vivid, eager-eyed, sun-browned young woodsman. His eyes had paid irresistible tribute to the wistful glance from her eyes, and when he left, the violets that he held in his hand as he waited, toying with them idly, lay on the chair beside her. Vaguely moved and feeling that something in each had crossed the bar of sunlight that lay on the floor between them and touched in greeting, she had lifted the frail woodland violets and pinned them on her gown.

Impelled by her hardly knew what impulse, the doctor of the mountain-top hospital moved to Miss Carleton's side. He had been watching her as she read the letter. For a month he had been watching her. Women were not much in his line—he hated the symptoms they pour over him and fled from them, and their loquacity—but the silence of this woman who asked no questions, but sat day after day, her listless hands folded, her listless eyes on the shining ranges that lost themselves in the sky, irritated him.

"Don't we look like lizards as we sun and sun and try to slip out of our old, unhappy skins?" she asked. She made a little gesture that took in the cots and invalid chairs on the long stretch of porch. She couldn't have explained her sudden graciousness, but the curious little thrill was still warm at her heart.

"Like lizards," the doctor spoke vaguely.

He searched his suddenly unfurnished brain to see if anything conversational that had to do with lizards was lying around, and finding nothing, he gasped and choked like a candle about to go out. Save in a professional way, women were decidedly not in the doctor's line.

Miss Carleton laughed—a low little laugh of amusement.

The doctor looked at her dumbly.

He hadn't heard her laugh before, and he wanted to say that he had been feeling old; that the gray hairs thickening in his dark thatch had depressed him vaguely, but that it was all a mistake; that he was deliriously young, bubbling with youth and buoyancy since—since a moment before when she had laughed.

What he did say was: "You don't like this Eagle Nest castle?"

"But I do," she declared, almost gaily. "It spreads out its wings to us like a loving hen-mother. 'Come under,' it says, 'and be sheltered a while, you poor, panting little chicks. This is just a landing on the great big stairway that leads to heaven, it's just put here for your convenience, for all of you are precious.' With a little mischievous glance over her shoulder, she had risen and was gone.

"Violets," the doctor said maybe two weeks later. "Aren't they coming pretty often? The women here say you get them every day. I'm glad they're interested in your affairs—anything is better for them than bending over those eternal waists they embroider."

"To wear in heaven," Miss Carleton flung in saucily.

"And it relieves me from talking cough to them—I get mighty tired of talking cough. I'd rather hear about letters that come every day; rather smell violets—"

But Miss Carleton was gone.

"You're laughing," she complained to the violets, having reached the safety of her own room. "I never meant to do it. I didn't care, really I didn't, if the valley brimmed over with men who wanted to make me less lonely. But I couldn't resist you. I had to write a wee note when you came—and then—You may put your naughty faces together and laugh if you like. You may lift your noses in perfumed

scorn, little sisters. But you know. You lash and toss and strain when your big storm-lover comes along. You're wild to sweep out on the mighty roaring diapason with him. And when he's gone you wring your hands in tortured longing. Violets have woman hearts. If one forceful enough should come along and catch one up into a very splendor of romance, little sisters—" She broke off to bury her face in the violets.

"It's just that I'm lonely," she whispered. "It's unbearable, the loneliness—since I no longer have my work. I wonder?"

But she shook the thoughts from her fiercely—the strange new thoughts that thrilled her through and through. How it would seem to be loved; how it would feel to await one's coming; what he would say, and whether she could let herself be gathered up for a full moment of happiness.

June came and drifted away; July was ushered in; the summer rested on the mountain-top like a full tide that has no ebb, and, as day followed day, wheeling on, more than one mountain-top dweller saw the change in Miss Carleton.

"How strong she is growing; how beautiful!" they would say as she passed. And it was true. Under the influence of the letters that were laid at her plate morning after morning, from a man whose very name was unknown to her, for he signed himself simply, "The Man in the Valley"; under the kindness that was wrapped about her in folds of velvet, her nature was sweetening, seedling at its core for larger, dearer life. Before she was aware of it he had become the central point of her consciousness and she was simply living from letter to letter. She was reckoning time by them; breaking into song as she moved about the house; smiling when no one might see; living the unseen life of her dreams as the days rounded in delicious sequence through fragrant dawns and quiet noondays to the wonderful nights that held big moons.

"Did you ever write letters to a woman you idealized, Dr. Herb?" Miss Carleton, sitting in her special corner of the portico looking out over leagues of space to the mountain-tops luminous with the prophecy of a coming moon, put the question to the hospital doctor who was not far away—he was never far away when Miss Carleton sat in her special corner.

"In my Lochinvar days," the doctor said.

"And did something come between you? And did it hurt so? Is that why you left a big city practice and came five thousand feet up to minister to ugly coughs?"

"No," said the doctor gravely. "I had a better reason. Isn't making you well and sending you back reason enough for being here?"

"Sending me back?" in sudden terror. "But I'm not going! I ate my heart out to go back when I came, but now—now—I was trying to build a stairway of marble, doctor. But marble stairways are such cold, dumb things. One gets so lonely, so tired out. I had to come here."

"In time. It's worth everything to me, comrade. I've got no regrets for the life I left back there."

"No memories?"

"The memories will be here—a palace full of memories," softly.

"I don't understand," Miss Carleton spoke wonderingly.

"No," said the doctor gently; "you don't understand."

When the silence grew heavy between them the doctor spoke again. "I once knew a chap who wrote letters to a woman—a white slip of a woman whom he didn't idealize," he said. "He didn't know he loved her at first. The whole sweep of his life was away from women. But this girl was so lonely, so pathetic, somehow, that he found himself writing these letters to her almost before he knew it. He had an idea, a theory—he was a great chap for theories—and he kept himself in the background. He asked nothing of the girl. He—"

"But love asks everything," breathlessly.

"He was not thinking of himself—he put himself out of the question. It was of her that he thought. He could hope for nothing; he had left his youth behind him. But she was a flower without the sunshine. He said to himself that if he gave her what her life lacked—warmth, color, intimacy—she would be as ready for the love that would surely come to her—as a flower is ready to open under the heat of the sun."

"And he blundered!" she cried. "Suppose the woman had never had a lover; suppose the sweep of her life had been away from men, that she had been so busy that she had never thought of one until she got those letters. Suppose that her heart was as tight shut when the first one came to her as the hard little laurel bud was in the spring—when their influence, as they came day by day, it stirred as the laurel bud did under the sun's warmth, until it burst into wide flower, like the crimson laurel out there now."

The doctor moved restlessly, but the woman went on, unheeding.

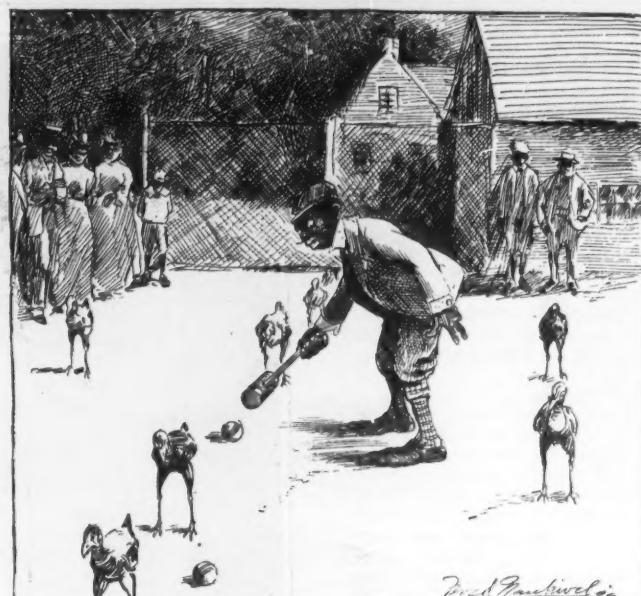
"Suppose she had never had any girlish weaknesses, but had kept at her self-appointed task with stern, ungirlish doggedness to dream now suddenly, in spite of herself, of that face that would be just a table-length away; to think of what it would mean to share his intimate, everyday life?"

"Child!" The doctor spoke sharply.

"Suppose through the whole long wonderful summer time she had reared her by Castle, at first afraid it would vanish like the bubbles she had blown in childhood, until she had come to believe in the writer of those letters with the same terrible, childlike faith she gave to her God—"

"Child, child," the doctor implored her.

"Suppose she waked sometimes in the night to find a storm gathering and pounding and crashing like the breakers from an unseen sea and



CROQUET AT BLACKTOWN.

Professor Carom Bootjy, with his troupe of trained chickens, gives an exhibition of scientific croquet.

stared into what the lightning's flash

showed her to be the vagueness of space, and dropped back to sleep again unafraid—like a cradled child—since the storm voices shouted of him. Suppose, storm or sunshine, he was in the air she breathed. Don't you see he blundered, that man who meant to be nothing to her? No other could come into her Joy Castle. With another its walls would fall in and crush her."

With a little unsteady laugh Miss Carleton got to her feet. "How that big moon stares," she said. "Wouldn't you like to climb on its chin and sail to your Heart's Desire? Haven't you a land of Heart's Desire, doctor?" She leaned and looked deep into the moon-filled, sleeping valley as she spoke.

"I'm not dignified for an h'ries," she said, "Died," more cheerfully. "I thought she never meant to. Only the good die early, you know. It has been a discipline—waiting for that fortune. Many's the time I've defied fate with it when I've been so hungry. Cocoa and toast for breakfast, toast and cocoa for lunch and my great-aunt's fortune for dinner. How the money has changed things, in sudden gaiety. I'm not going to ride on the moon's chin. It wouldn't be dignified for an h'ries."

"Don't you ever mean to grow up?" The doctor's lips twitched in a way that would have gone straight to a woman's heart if she had loved him.

"I'm grown up," contentedly.

"And I'm not less than fifteen more," miserably.

"Are you?" politely. "I could never do arithmetic." The laughing shaft of her dark eyes struck straight into the middle of a heart that wasn't aging and the blood that wasn't jaded, although the doctor had tried so hard to think so, pounded and leaped, hot and strong.

"A yacht headed up the Mediterranean sounds more in keeping than a honeymoon dangling from the moon's chin. Don't you think so? Can't you feel the flutter of the white satin ribbons on the mast as the Mediterranean breezes blow through them?" Her soft little laugh rang golden with joy.

It was the doctor who swung around the curve and faced her. "Why, he cried joyously, "how good of you!"

A man would have been blind not to have seen that the color rippling over her face like a rose in a breeze died out at his words. He would have been blind not to have seen that the light went from her eyes. The doctor was not blind.

"Come," he said gently, and in silence they climbed to the hospital.

Not many days later a fairy-tale happening came to Mary Carleton in the shape of a telegram that told her of the death of an old great-aunt and the arrival of a fortune, all in a breath.

The doctor came back from the valley settlement, where he had been visiting a patient, to hear the story and slip away from everybody. In the quiet of his den, with the little fire on the hearth fighting the growing dusk, he tried to realize what life would be with the glory gone out of it. A log broke and fell, shattering his reverie. The fire leaped, and she came swiftly down the room to drop into a chair beside him and nestle there as if she meant to stay indefinitely.

"She's done it at last," she said cheerfully.

"Done what?" the doctor asked

OVER SEA HABIT

Difference on this Side of the Water.

The persistent effect upon the heart of caffeine in coffee cannot but result in the gravest conditions, in time.

Each attack of the drug (and that means each cup of coffee) weakens the organ a little more, and the end is almost a matter of mathematical demonstration. A lady writes from a Western State:

"I am of German descent and it was natural that I should learn at a very early age to drink coffee. Until I was 23 years old I drank scarcely anything else at my meals.

"A few years ago I began to be affected by a steadily increasing nervousness, which eventually developed into a distressing heart trouble that made me very weak and miserable. Then, some three years ago, was added asthma in its worst form. My sufferings from these things can be better imagined than described.

"During all this time my husband realized more fully than I did that coffee was injurious to me, and made every effort to make me stop.

"Finally it was decided a few months ago, to quite the use of coffee absolutely, and to adopt Postum Food Coffee as our hot table drink. I had but little idea that it would fit me, but consented to try it to please my husband. I prepared it very carefully, exactly according to directions, and was delighted with its delicious flavor and refreshing qualities.

"Just so soon as the poison from the coffee had time to get out of my system the nutritive properties of the Postum began to build me up, and I am now fully recovered from all my nervousness, heart trouble and asthma. I gladly acknowledge that now, for the first time in years, I enjoy perfect health, and that I owe it all to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Child!" The doctor spoke sharply.

"Suppose the woman had never had any girlish weaknesses, but had kept at her self-appointed task with stern, ungirlish doggedness to dream now suddenly, in spite of herself, of that face that would be just a table-length away; to think of what it would mean to share his intimate, everyday life?"

"Child!" The doctor spoke sharply.

"Suppose she waked sometimes in the night to find a storm gathering and pounding and crashing like the breakers from an unseen sea and

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"Yes," replied the ex-player, she gives up her weeds, and I give up mine." —Success.

"Sir—Your wife is held by us for ransom. She will be detained until you deposit \$10,000 under the oak tree at the top of the hill. The Black Hand."

"Dear Sirs—Your favor of recent date received. I have deposited under the oak tree a trunk containing the rest of my wife's wardrobe. Yours truly, J. B. Henpeck."

"The Pathfinder."

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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## Points About People.

**S**IR JOHN MACDONALD was once taking lunch at the Rideau Club in Ottawa with the late Senator Sandford and one or two other friends. The Senator asked the Premier who, in his opinion, had been the best Governor-General Canada had had. As Sir John was just then the chief constitutional adviser of one of them (Lord Stanley of Preston) this was the very last question he could be expected to answer seriously. But he replied promptly: "Oh, I regard Lord Stanley as the most satisfactory man we have had." The Senator was amazed. He had expected to hear Sir John say Lord Lansdowne or the Marquis of Lorne. "In what respect do you find him superior to his predecessors, Sir John?" The Premier's look of gravity gave way to a sly smile. "Well, he has the best collection of army stories I have ever heard." And the company laughed at the Senator's discomfiture.

\* \* \*

A story is still told with relish by the members of a small Presbyterian congregation not far from Toronto, although the incident occurred a number of years ago. The pastor of this congregation, a most learned and excellent man, was essentially incapable of grappling with practical things. One day a rural parishioner brought to the minister a number of fine geese as a gift. The pastor's wife, a very energetic, thrifty person, was seized with the idea that she would keep them and raise a flock. She took considerable pride in the geese, keeping them in an old hen-house, and, having occasion to leave home for a week or so to visit her parents, she enjoined on her husband the necessity of taking good care of them. On her return one of her first questions related to the welfare of the geese. "Mary," said the minister, "those birds have given me unending trouble. Every night I went out to see that they were comfortable, but, though I put them up myself, one by one, the silly things wouldn't stay on the roost."

\* \* \*

A Toronto teacher lately asked her "Junior Third" class in the course of an examination paper "What is the use of the study of grammar?" Not many adults could have given an entirely satisfactory answer, but the first two attempts from the pupils are suggestive. "Grammar is used to brighten the brain and to refreshen it." "Grammar is used to help us in making nouns." But these replies are far less practical than the answer on an entrance paper as to the exports of Italy, when in all seriousness the candidate wrote: "Peanuts and organ-grinders."

\* \* \*

Every city woman, prevented by circumstances from keeping hens, is fully convinced that had she the opportunity she could make a fortune by raising poultry. She has read about it in the papers, and, when she gets a chance she tries her hand at it. A Toronto lady, having gone with her family to spend last summer in a Muskoka cottage, bought a couple of dozen hens and eagerly awaited the joyful task of gathering a couple of dozen eggs on the first day after arrival. Hearing much cackling from the poultry, she decided to go out and see what progress had been made. Approaching the hen-house noiselessly she opened the door and peered into the nearest nest in a box against the wall. She looked into the startled eyes of a hen on the nest. "Oh, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the lady in confusion, hastily retreating and flying on tip-toe from the spot.

\* \* \*

At a by-election in Lambton, caused by the death of the late Mr. Pardie, the then Hon. Oliver Mowat and Mr. Peter Ryan were the speakers at the mass meeting at Sarnia. The tunnel was then under construction, and a large gang of English navvies were employed on it, whose votes were much sought after by both parties. Before the meeting the visiting speakers were taken into the tunnel, where the "Little Premier" put on the smile that wouldn't come off, but somehow the navvies didn't seem much impressed by him, and the visit looked as if it was "Love's labor lost." Mr. Ryan saw how matters stood, and remained behind with the navvies, some of whom had helped to build the railways of England, and, after a few words to every one of them about their birthplaces, which he seemed to know like a book, he started on the glories of the heroes of the English prize-ring. The Englishmen

grew deeply interested, and hung on every word, for Peter was familiar with the deeds of every famous pugilist from Tom Crib to Tom Sayers. He told his hearers about the long string of English fighters, and that Tom Sayers was

the best bit of stuff that ever wore a hide. He emphasized this by telling the crowd that Mr. Mowat was a great admirer of Sayers, and that the Council Chamber table was never without a copy of the latest issue of *Bell's Life*, and that a large picture of the great fight between Sayers and Heenan was hung up on the wall of the chamber. This was followed up by telling the now enthusiastic crowd that Mr. Mowat was in the habit of putting on the gloves two or three times a week with Joe Pop just to keep his hand in, for in his young days Mowat was a bit of a bruiser. One husky Englishman on hearing this said: "Wat, 'im a foiter; well, I wouldn't a thout so to luck at 'im." To clinch matters, Peter said that the life of Tom Sayers was going to be given by the Mowat Government as a prize book in the public schools, as an encouragement of the manly art of self-defence. This settled it, and the votes went for the Mowat candidate to a man.

\* \* \*

The late Judge Ferguson when in court often displayed some slight temper when anything that savored of negligence came to his notice. And he was not afraid to voice his displeasure, either. It is related that his nephew, W. N. Ferguson, once appeared before him on a motion, and he submitted for His Lordship's scrutiny a certain paper. There were figures on the paper, and they were no clearer than lawyers' figures generally are. The Judge noticed an almost indistinguishable "5." "Is that the best '5' you can make?" he enquired sharply. "My Lord, I find it difficult to make a '5' at all sometimes," answered the young lawyer, and the old Judge saw the point. He was in good-humor for the rest of the session.

\* \* \*

While the members of the Canadian Press Association were on their way to visit the Agricultural College at Guelph last Saturday a number of Toronto men, from force of habit, began talking about the street car service here. A man from Western Ontario spoke up. "If you fellows from Toronto want to find out what a really accommodating street car line is, you ought to visit some of the smaller cities. Right in the town we are going to had a funny experience some years ago. I was on a car, bound for the railway station, but passing a hotel I saw a man, a friend of mine, whom I had not run across for years. I grabbed my grip, jumped off the car, and greeted him. Then we went inside, and in a minute or two, of course, about the street car. Presently someone rapped loudly on the window. I looked up, and there was the trolley conductor. 'Say, boss,' said he, 'will you soon be ready to go?'

\* \* \*

When the newspaper men were at Guelph last Saturday they heard a very interesting talk from Professor Day about live stock. He showed, using a live animal as an illustration, where all the prime cuts of beef were found. "Here," he said, "is where you get your porterhouse. You don't find it anywhere else on the animal." "You don't" somebody called out, "but the butcher does." President Creelman, a few moments later, was talking about the respective importance of various departments of the Agricultural College. "Shall we say that live stock is about the most important?" Professor Day here interrupted: "While here," he said, stroking a yearling heifer, "it would be well to say that."

\* \* \*

Bluntness of speech is one of the characteristics of Chief Justice Sir William Meredith, the former leader of the Conservative party in Ontario. In the corridors of Osgoode Hall the story goes that one of Toronto's rising young barristers, Mr. W. E. Middleton, recently desired to come before the Chief Justice in his private room at the Hall. He had some motion to make, and he asked the usher to precede him and ask permission to see His Lordship. The usher did so, but the reception he met was not in the nature of a welcome. The Chief Justice was not in good humor. But the lawyer had followed the usher in, and he then asked without delay for an interview. "No!" was the blunt refusal. Then followed the good-humored advice—"Go to the d—!" "That's where I thought I had come," was the ready reply of the barrister. The Chief Justice likes a joke just as much as a fine legal point, and the answer mollified him. He listened in good humor to Mr. Middleton's motion.

\* \* \*

At a college debate which recently took place in Wycliffe Hall, one of the dignitaries of Osgoode Hall sat on the platform. "In the audience was one of those wear-some people who are continually laying unfounded claims to the acquaintance of distinguished men. This person, catching sight of the legal luminary in front, began to expatiate to a quiet young man at his side. 'There,' he cried enthusiastically, 'is one of the finest men I know. We were boys at school together. Don't you think he has a distinguished appearance?' The young man nodded, but said nothing. He was the son of the gentleman in question.

\* \* \*



MR. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

Mr. Heaton—the name is not a double-barrelled hyphenated one—has rendered distinguished service in connection with the postal system of Great Britain. His active work in the matter of the introduction of Imperial penny-postage brought his name into prominence in Canada and throughout the Empire. Mr. Heaton is a Conservative and in the last election was returned as member for Canterbury, a city which he has represented since 1885. It is interesting to note that he lately refused a knighthood.

\* \* \*

When John D. Rockefeller picks up his beloved Bible and reads the story of the widow's curse of oil he thanks heaven that the age of miracles is past.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye as Curtis Jadwin, and Miss Jane Oaker as Laura Jadwin in a scene from *The Pit* at the Princess next week.

## THE DRAMA.

**T**HE most important event in the local theatrical world will be the visit of Mr. Mansfield to the Princess Theater this month. On Thursday, February 22nd, Mr. Mansfield appears in Molier's *The Misanthrope*; on Friday, February 23rd, in Schiller's *Don Carlos*, in Beau Brummell at Saturday matinee and as *Skylock* in *The Merchant of Venice* on Saturday night. Mr. Mansfield has not been in Toronto for some time, and his coming visit will be appreciated by all who admire the artist, and it is especially satisfactory that we shall see him in such a variety of roles.

Next week Mr. Wilton Lackaye will appear at the Princess Theater at the head of his own company in the dramatization of Frank Norris' novel, *The Pit*, and in a revival of *Trilby*, with members of the original cast. Mr. Channing Pollock, who visited Toronto two years ago, has succeeded in making a very striking play of the famous "wheat" novel. As *Curtis Jadwin*, the typical American speculator, Mr. Lackaye has achieved a notable success.

Readers of modern fiction can readily see that the tale of adventure and achievement can find such a background in commerce as in the past was furnished by the tournament. Wall street and the Chicago wheat pit are battle-fields of the present century, and the slaughter is no less terrible than actual warfare has known. Such stories as *The Plum Tree* and *The Deluge*, by David Graham Phillips, illustrate this commercial tendency, but a much greater study of the effects of speculation on the character is *The Pit*, which has a sterner note and more literary grace than any of its imitations. The passion that possesses *Curtis Jadwin*, which renders him insensible to all but financial interests, even making him indifferent to the woman he has loved, is depicted with a force that is realism of the best type. The climax is the panic scene in the wheat pit when all the hysterical excitement of those who see fortunes made and unmade in a moment reaches a tragic intensity. *The Pit* is emphatically a drama of today, portraying an evolution familiar to every city, and with its earnestness makes itself artistically felt. Mr. Pollock is such a Norris enthusiast that he has done his work with more than the care commonly bestowed by the dramatic remodeler, and the depth of the novelist's convictions has not been lost, although the stage version of the tragedy of speculation is necessarily softened.

The play *Trilby* sounds almost like an echo of the year 1894, when shoes, laundries and hats were named after the heroine of Du Maurier's famous novel. Mr. Lackaye has two matinee performances of this play, in which he appears as *Svengali*, one of the most thoroughly villainous that fiction or drama has afforded. Whatever may be thought of *Trilby* herself and her three devoted cavaliers, *Taffy*, the *Laird* and *Little Billee*, the originality of *Svengali* must be admitted as one of Du Maurier's most powerful efforts. The glimpses of art student life in Paris, the trio of friends who work and talk so loyally together and the tragedy that befalls the poor, little *blanchisseuse* have been almost forgotten, but *Trilby*'s admirers will probably rally once more.

The week of Shakespeare, according to Ben Greet and the days of Elizabeth, has been highly successful at Massey Hall, both as to attendance and the artistic merits of the performers. The novelty of *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar* and *Henry V*, without the scenic effects dear to the modern stage manager attracted the more serious students of Shakespeare, while the anonymity of the players introduced a certain mystery irritating to the reporter, but not without an element of piquancy. The "reading" was of marked dignity and intellectual sincerity, and the intention to produce the Elizabethan atmosphere was apparent. But the very effort is self-conscious, for this age can no more go back to the days when "a new heaven and a new earth" had just been discovered than it can produce another Shakespeare. Our mental efforts are expended on business and bridge, and when we go to the theater, the imagination does not rise to the footlights and furnish the necessary settings for the schemes

of *Skylock* or the coqueting of *Dear Lady Disdain*. The fault may not be in our times but in ourselves that we are underlings of the imagination. To view Ben Greet's productions aright, one must have the pale moonlight, the Varsity lawn, and the historic elms with their spreading branches above the loves of *Rosalind* and *Orlando*.

Mr. Ade has furnished the frequenters of the Princess Theater with two good comedies this season. A few weeks before Christmas the rural politics of *The County Chairman* appealed to all who have known such communities as Antioch, and during this week *The College Widow*, with its flirtations and athletics, has delighted those who enjoy healthy sport and hearty laughter. Mr. Ade's *Fables in Slang* have dwelt rather too persistently on the cheap boarding-house, the flashy young man and the young woman with a huge pompadour and a settled smile. But *The College Widow* lives in a different region and introduces a humor much more stimulating than we have hitherto known from the Chicago dramatist. The production is not so much a play as a series of college scenes with certain queer types strongly depicted. The student whom his landlady finds an artful dodger, the athletic blacksmith who takes four hours of art a week to qualify as student, the "widow" herself who is a distractingly pretty girl who wins the title by her numerous love affairs, and the hero, himself, who is a very Bayard of the campus, are all clearly and entertainingly presented. Mr. Thomas Meighen, as the last character, is a college boy to be proud of. Miss Frances Ring makes a youthful and vivacious widow, Miss Gertrude Quinlan is highly humorous as *Flora Wiggin*, a waitress who receives the amorous regard of many unfeigned freshmen, and Mr. Beresford Hollis, as *Copernicus Talbot*, the learned tutor, is an excellent study of the dominie.

*Tom, Dick and Harry*, the musical comedy at the Grand this week, is a very laughable farce. Bickel, Watson and Wrothe, who are *Tom, Dick and Harry* respectively, abundantly live up to their reputation of being at the head of their profession in light comedy. The dramatic element in their production is very slight. There is just enough plot to give continuity to the series of sketches which the three comedians put on. *Colonel Bluff* of West Point has invented an aerial battery which is to revolutionize warfare. Representatives of a Spanish West Indian republic form a plot to steal his invention. *Colonel Bluff* is informed of this by the Secret Service Department, and takes three hoboes, *Tom, Dick and Harry*, who arrive on the scene, for Secret Service men in disguise. *Senorita Richardo*, one of the Spanish spies, persuades them to steal the battery and convey it to *Port o' Domingo*, the republic in question. Accordingly the next act takes place in this republic. Owing to a curious law that he who wears the President's hat is President, one of the trio becomes head of the state. All of this affords opportunity for clever mimicry and burlesque. The comedians do very little dancing or singing, and produce merriment in a legitimate comic way, by actions as much as by words. The production is well staged. There is nothing tawdry in the scenery or in the costumes of the chorus. The music and songs are of fair order of merit. The chorus give a good exhibition of dancing and are of more than average attractiveness and vocal ability. *Tom, Dick and Harry* found favor with the Grand's patrons, and will be remembered as an amusing comic sketch.

At Shea's this week Joe Rechen and his balancing dogs afford considerable amusement. The canines are all small and well trained. Kelly and O'Brien, in funny dialogue, are fairly amusing. Elmer Tenley treats the audience to a number of stories of the street, some at least of which are very familiar to an exchange editor. Will Zimmerman impersonates well-known composers. The La Valle Trio of musicians afford one of the most entertaining features of the programme. Edna Aug sings some and talks more, and is quite interesting. Marie Glazier and Arthur Dunn, the latter a midget, are very highly received. Max Wilson's European rope performers give a popular exhibition. Their feats of strength are quite a revelation.

## New York Letter

HERE is a noticeable lull in theatrical activity at this moment, and for the coming week only one change of programme is announced. This will occur at Madison Square Theater, where *The Lucky Miss Dean*, by Sidney Bowkett—a comedy of the touch and go sort, which has already enjoyed a measure of success in London—will have a first presentation on this side. On paper the cast looks promising, and the reputation of this little-theater-around-the-corner for artistic productions has almost come to be a guarantee.

It needed no peculiar gifts of prophecy to foretell the failure of *Grierson's Way*, which was reviewed in our last letter. The piece has been withdrawn, and Mr. Henry Miller is busy rehearsing another to take its place.

*The House of Silence*, which Mr. Hackett and his company tried for a week, has also met a similar fate. And the honest, sturdy *Walls of Jericho*, that were temporarily taken down to provide a site for its erection, are now restored. Mr. James K. Hackett, in a *House of Silence*, seemed an anomaly to begin with—the lustier occupation of trumpet-blowing about Jericho being far more in the line of this Joshua of the modern stage.

\* \* \*

Socially the most brilliant engagement of the present half-season, and dramatically the most entertaining and clever, perhaps, since the Arnold Daly performances, was the return to New York the other night of that delightful English actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, in Mr. Sutro's *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*. A year ago, you will remember, Miss Jeffreys made her first appearance on this side the Atlantic in *The Prince Consort*, and through her charms of acting, her great beauty, her social gifts and a most engaging personality, won instant favor in the social and theatrical circles of this city. Later, Miss Jeffreys appeared as *Lady Gay Spanker* in a distinguished revival of *London Assurance*, the role of the jolly, perverse, rollicking, out-of-door *Lady Gay* fitting the actress most agreeably. As *Lady Clarice Howland*, a prepossessing widow of thirty, thrown on the matrimonial market, Miss Jeffreys has still further opportunity for displaying the fine arts of the comedienne, as well as the more sober but not less fascinating charms of an English lady. *Lady Clarice* has been a widow three years, and for several reasons, chiefly her extravagance, this protracted widowhood has become a source of anxiety to her mother, the *Marchioness of Hengbey*, and an elder sister, *Lady Clementina*, a maiden lady of rather saintly reputation. These relatives have therefore decided that *Lady Clarice* shall remarry, and a sense of responsibility toward her growing son, helps to bring the young widow around to their viewpoint. The chief difficulty lies in the choice of suitors. Two old "cheque-books," as she calls them, *Lord Woolham* and *Sir Justice Cardick*, are there to urge their claims, and have the moral support of the family to boot. But just at this juncture the fascinating, if prodigal, *Mr. Vanderveldt* arrives on the scene, and, of course, proves a much more entertaining companion to the rather bored *Lady Clarice* than these senile wooers. The virtuous *Lady Clementina* and her haughty mother are both shocked at the turn of affairs and fear the worst. But *Lady Clarice*, who is a single exception to *Mr. Vanderveldt*'s fascinating rule over fair women, is only intent on amusing herself. She has him well in hand, and as for his suit tells him frankly that he hasn't a chance in the world. *Vanderveldt* is determined, however, and, failing to win, makes elaborate plans for kidnapping her, and in these plans the automobile plays an important part. A pre-arranged breakdown at the end of a fifty-mile run finds the lady and her companion at a little inn, remote from anywhere and with no means of communicating their situation to the anxious household they have left behind. Secure now in the possession of his fair prize, the modern Don Juan springs his trap. That was his one mistake. *Lady Clarice*, to all appearances sharing the humor of the situation up to this point, now cleverly plans her escape and manages it so well that the fascinating young profligate is left to enjoy his lonely inn with neither automobile nor lady. A genuine break-down along the road, however, still prevents her return that night, and next morning the innocent lady finds herself compromised in the sight of her family and guests after all. The "cheque-books," unable to obtain any explanation of the adventure, take their leave and the matrimonial difficulty is only solved by an unexpected bestowal of her favor on the virtuous, but rather tiresome *Colonel Raynor*, whose confidence in the *Lady Clarice* proved equal to any and every test.

Hardly less interesting than Miss Jeffreys' reappearance on the boards is the new role in which this fascinating comedy presents the author, Mr. Alfred Sutro. Herefore we have associated this writer with such dramas of obvious moral purpose as *The Walls of Jericho* and *A Maker of Men* only. And one can hardly realize, except in spots, that this bright, clever, witty comedy, so accidental in its seriousness, and so amiable in its attitude, with its moral and artistic values so nicely adjusted, is written by the same hand. True, the author pays his sixpence to morality in the end, but only sixpence. And besides, what does the end matter? We are hurrying into our wraps by that time in any case, and our one anxiety is to secure a comfortable table at our favorite restaurant. Yes, Mr. Sutro's apotheosis is an interesting and extremely welcome one. For, while there are plenty of people—from President Roosevelt down—competent to explain our duty to the race and our obligation to the domestic virtues, there are comparatively few who are able to add anything to the literature of the nation. And those who are should not be hampered by considerations which, in the realm of art, at least, are secondary.

A very fine cast, that includes Mr. Frank Worthing in the title role, is supporting Miss Jeffreys, and is to be still further strengthened by the addition of Mr. Guy Standing, who will play the part of the virtuous, but lucky, *Colonel Raynor*.

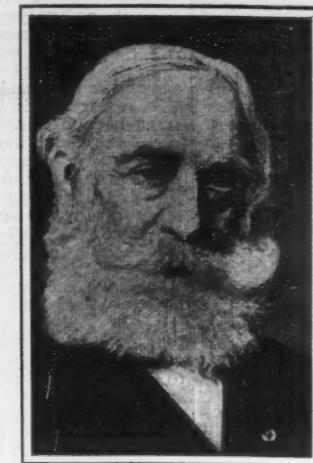
\* \* \*

Mr. Channing Pollock is the latest accession to the ranks of American playwrights, and, if his future work realizes the promise of his first original offering, *The Little Gray Lady*, just produced at the Garrick, he will have to be reckoned with seriously in any discussion of the American drama. Mr. Pollock, like many others of the successful dramatists of the day—Richard Harding Davis and George Ade, say—is an old newspaper man, and for many years has been the general press representative of the Shuberts at their New York headquarters.

*The Little Gray Lady* is simple, world-old story of aiding faith in love and the power of one good woman's love to save the man she loves from the wrong way. But old as the sentiment is and homely, too, in the glitter of modern sophistries, Mr. Pollock has contrived to tell his story in a unique and highly interesting way. And with his excellent character drawing, and the dramatic situations cleverly and consistently evolved, the play has met with instant success—a success that is all the more creditable in view of the unobtrusive qualities of the piece, its freedom from subterfuge and its honest appeal to the gentler, but often neglected, emotions of our being. The keynote of the performance too is subdued and natural and proceeds quietly along a plane of everyday life such as it depicts. Departmental life in Washington, in this case the Treasury Department, furnishes the characters, the background and the "plot." One scene is laid in a



NORMAN HAPGOOD.



COLONEL MANN.



JUSTICE JOSEPH M. DEUEL.

The principal figures in the remarkable New York libel suit brought by *Town Topics* against Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's Weekly*. Mr. Hapgood's scathing comment upon *Town Topics* and its editor, Colonel Mann, and upon Judge Deuel for his connection with a paper of that character while acting as judge were held not to be libelous.

room in the Treasury; the others are in a backyard and in an interior of *Mrs. Jordan's* boarding-house. A hundred dollar bill has been stolen, and to protect the culprit, whom she loves in spite of his faithlessness, *Anna Gray (The Little Gray Lady)* tries hard to recover it before it is returned to the Treasury. Failing in this, she urges her lover away, even at the risk of fastening suspicion upon herself. But just as the guilty man, who meantime has come to a realization of the great gift of such a woman's love, returns to surrender himself, the bill turns up and is generously destroyed by the Secret Service man in charge of the case. A felony has been compounded, but we are all very willing accessories to the crime, knowing the futility of punishment on the one hand and the potency of love and forgiveness on the other.

The vein is a serious one, but some humorous lines and plenty of amusing business enliven the course of the play, and balance nicely the more weighty interests. Mr. Pollock has been fortunate in the production of the piece, and the casting could hardly be improved upon. Miss Julia Dean fits precisely the role of *The Little Gray Lady*, while Miss Donnelly of *Candida* fame has sunk her personality most effectively in the character of *Ruth Jordan*, a familiar type of flashy, vulgar, middle class, but good-looking and buxom, American girl, who affects high heels and a swivel action about the hips. Other members of the company are equally effective in their parts, and the production is under the management of Mr. Maurice Campbell. J.E.W.

## THE UNDER DOG

THE quickest way for the under dog to come up is to get his head out of the dust and watch until he can get a shrewd grip on a vital part of the enemy that is holding him down. Too many men who are under dogs prefer to lie quiet and do nothing, hoping that someone may come around the corner and lend them a hand.

A story which gives point to the fact that few under dogs deserve to be on top is told, by the San Francisco *Bulletin*, of a chauffeur who was driving a number of gentlemen in a hired automobile. They had scarcely started on the trip before the chauffeur began grumbling to the party about his "hard luck" in being forced to work for such a small salary as he was receiving. During the course of his tale of woe one of the tires exploded and the car was dragged to the roadside for repairs.

"The tools are in the chest," remarked the chauffeur, "but I have forgotten to bring the key. You had better take a street car." He looked helplessly at the passengers.

Examination disclosed that the tool-chest was closed with a Yale padlock. One of the party, the manager of a large business house, walked a short distance to a roadside, borrowed a "Jimmy" from the proprietor, and quickly pried the padlock open. The chauffeur was astonished, but he proceeded to repair the tire. He went about the job lazily, in an absent-minded way. The only patch he had in his kit was a small and worn piece. He made the dismaying discovery, however, that his cement can was empty and there was nothing with which to affix the patch to the tire. No way out of this difficulty occurred to the chauffeur, but the same passenger who had opened the lock hailed another automobile and borrowed from the occupants enough cement to serve his purpose. In a few minutes the repairs were accomplished.

The chauffeur did not see that the passengers had discovered why his wages were small. The wonder to them was that a man so thoughtless should receive even as large a salary as the one complained of.

There are many men all over the country like this chauffeur. I know of a small Ontario town in which an excellent system of waterworks was installed some years

ago. As soon as the old engine and the few small taps constituting the water supply were replaced by a reservoir and a reasonably sufficient number of hydrants, and it was found that water could be thrown over the highest building in the place, the volunteer fire brigade began to think that organization and training were no longer necessary. One black-dark night a fire occurred. No one could find even a lantern for a long time. Then nobody could remember where the hydrant wrenches had been dropped. By the time the brigade had water playing on the building it was a wreck. Of course the whole community was properly disgusted with the incompetence displayed by the brigade, and for a time there was some order at the firehall and the volunteers made some effort towards preparing themselves for an emergency. Soon, however, things were as bad as ever again. Some changes were made in the men, but it was still found that they were incapable of handling the appliances. In the meantime they were constantly worrying the town council for more equipment and more salary. Finally a number of the leading business men got together to talk the matter over. One of the number had an idea. He pointed out that the brigade, including the captain, was composed of workingmen and others who did not think and who were unfit to do any sort of work unless they were closely supervised. He drew attention to the folly of entrusting them with the care of costly appliances and laying upon them a responsibility which they were incapable of shouldering. As the town was too small to maintain a paid brigade, he proposed that they ask the municipal council to disband the old brigade and appoint one composed of themselves—the business men—that they would themselves look after the equipment and would each hire an able-bodied man to do the active fire-fighting. The plan was approved by the council and carried out with success, thus proving that the blundering brigade had failed to handle fires simply because they failed to think.

There are thousands of men here in Toronto who are working for small salaries and bemoaning their ill-fortune. Many of these men never stop to consider that they are receiving little because they are worth little, and that they are not advanced because they never do anything to merit advancement. They have no initiative. They do only what they are urged to do, and go about it in a careless, slipshod way. They do not think.

The man who does not think can be spotted readily enough. The friend who comes into your office and asks permission to write a letter and goes away leaving your papers scattered and the pen he used making a trail of ink all about your desk; the stranger who does not look where he is going in the street or who blocks the doors of street cars—these are unthinking men. When anyone is thoughtless about small things he is apt to be thoughtless about big things, and naturally he finds himself an underdog.

HAL

## The Sphinx Smiled.

Captain Lambton, when contesting Newcastle, told a story of a ride which he and Lord Charles Beresford took on donkeys in Egypt. The latter had the misfortune to be thrown to the ground by his troublesome mount.

"Whoa, Tipperary!" shouted Lord Charles.

The peculiar form of the address aroused Captain Lambton's curiosity.

"What are you calling that Egyptian 'moke' Tipperary for?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "Tipperary also unseated me when I stood for Parliament!"

## A Kissing Duel.

At some amateur theatricals in Victoria two people in the stalls, whenever the heroine was kissed, kissed each other loudly and with ostentation. It turned out that the man in the audience was the husband of the heroine, who disapproved of her theatrical tastes, and (with the help of an amiable friend) took this way of repriming them.—*Sydney Bulletin*.



OUT OF THE EAST LIGHT.

"Who is that earnest looking individual over there?"  
"That's the Boston lecturer on higher criticism of the Bible as literature. She conducts the 'beliefs removed without pain' classes here in town."

—Life.

## A Famous Fourteenth

"T'S just about sixteen years ago," said Henley, as he dropped the largest lump he could find into the grate and leisurely broke it into small pieces.

"Since what?" asked one of us lazily.

"Since the 'Varsity fire. That happened St. Valentine's night in '90. It was the Conversat, you know, and perhaps I don't remember standing round in that slush waiting for the old tower to tumble and feeling as if the bottom had fallen out of the universe."

"It was a great old night," chuckled Billy Raymond—it was in the days when Sir Dan was President.

"And when McKim was beadle," continued Henley, "poor old McKim! I'll never forget how he mourned the next day over his lost medals. We could get another library, and fossils were of small account, but McKim's medals were the outward and visible sign of his British soldiering. I was just nineteen, and was wearing my first dress suit."

"Yours! Jack Fraser's, you mean," said Billy Raymond scoffingly, "don't you remember how you borrowed his suit to wear on the festive occasion? Jack was a blooming pessimist about that time because he'd quarreled with a girl, and he wouldn't go near any affair that meant feminine society."

"And I suffered agony in that narrow-backed arrangement. Jack Fraser never had much of a chest. However, I was a horribly important and serious youngster, for I was going to take Florence Morgan, a girl from my old home, to the Conversat, and it was the very first time I had acted as 'escort.' Florence, I may say, is at present engaged in putting our son and heir to bed."

"No," said Mrs. Henley from the stairs, "he's asleep at last. He has your bad manners, Dick. He fairly snored in the middle of one of my stories. What were you saying about me?"

"Just talking about the 'Varsity fire sixteen years ago, and how I asked you to go to the Conversat?"

"Surely it isn't sixteen years ago. Dear me, it seems just like yesterday that I opened that box of flowers and wondered how you could afford it."

"It did make a hole in my weekly allowance," said Henley somewhat plaintively. "Let's see! The four of us went together in an old-fashioned cab. You were with us, Billy, and who was the girl?"

"Agnes Barker," replied Billy.

"What's become of Agnes?"

"Married a Presbyterian minister, and went away off to the West," said Billy gloomily, "met her on Yonge street a year ago and she told me that her husband was doing a great work out there, and that they intended to send their twin boys back to old 'Varsity some day. She's awfully faded and has a resigned look. He has red hair and a loud voice."

"Poor Billy!" said Henley softly, and Florence looked sympathetically at the portly bachelorette.

"Oh, I'm not kicking," was the cheerful response. "D'you remember how we drove over to Sherbourne street to call for the girls and a Freshie shouted to us that 'Varsity was on fire. We wouldn't believe it, and thought of his fearful cheek. But as we crossed to College street we began to be afraid that the glare meant the old place after all."

"I was wearing a cream dress," said Mrs. Henley placidly, "material like nun's veiling, with a silk spot. Dick's roses were lovely with it. Dear me, I wonder what became of that dress!"

"But where are the snows of yesteryear," said another of Us who always has a quotation handy.

" Didn't I send a letter or something with the roses?" said Henley, with a far-away look in his eyes.

"Richard Henley, you don't mean to say you've forgotten it! For a sophomore, the sentiment was very creditably expressed. As the Conversat came on St. Valentine's day, of course you could work in some poetry very nicely. It was an original verse and began—"

"That'll do," said Henley hastily, "it's queer that women won't consider that kind of thing sacred."

"I'll bet it began 'the rose is red,'" remarked Billy. "I didn't know that you'd ever broken out in song, old man. Perhaps you were wise. I just sent a plain card to Agnes. If I'd drawn bleeding hearts on it she might never have gone to the golden West with that red-haired parson."

"And don't you remember how we drove down to the park, just as near as we dared to the fire? And then, when you boys got out and went over to find out how it had happened."

"And you sat in the carriage and cried," said her husband.

"Well, it was such an awful disappointment. I had a new gown, and it was the first time anyone had sent me roses. And Aunt Mary had lent me her lovely old ivory fan. To think of all that being spoiled by a few lambs being upset! And Agnes was so provoking! Even then she was rather above the poms and vanities, and told me that there wasn't any use in crying about it, and that a man would despise me for not having more self-control."

"I fel, rather gulpy myself when the old tower fell," said Billy. "My, it was a great sight when the flames wrapped themselves round the stones and seemed fairly furious with delight to see it go."

"And we wondered where the exams would be held and the fourth-year men were beginning to be happy over the thought that perhaps the class would graduate as a body without the trifling formality of writing at all."

"But the cheerful little questions turned up as usual in the Medical Council building, and other weird corners. It takes more than a fire to upset our marvellous examination system. But the fourth year people had Convocation held in a tent on the lawn, rather than go away from the old sod."

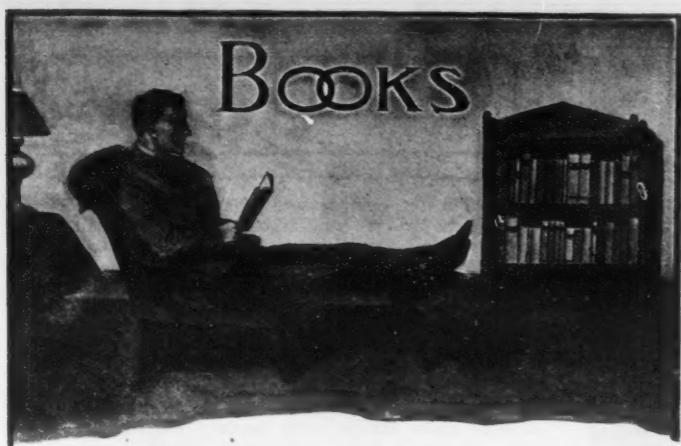
"It was pretty chilly old sod the night of the fire. It's a wonder we didn't both get pneumonia and all sorts of influenza, for I wandered around without an overcoat in Jack Fraser's best clothes for about five hours. It seems strange that sixteen years ago I could stroll around for a whole night knee-deep in slush and never feel it the next day. Hang it all! There's a difference between nineteen and thirty-five."

"You don't look so very much older," said Mrs. Henley indulgently. "Of course, your hair is getting rather thin and you're really very round-shouldered and you pant if you take much exercise, but—"

"That'll do, Florence," said her husband firmly; "it sounds like the last of the seven ages of man. Do you ever go to the conversats now, Billy?"

"I guess not," was the energetic reply, "the last time I was there the crowd was nothing but kids—a lot of small boys and girls who giggled. Some of those youngsters weren't more than eighteen."

"And what were we?" asked Henley suddenly; "Billy, there's no use talking. The Conversat has got away from us, and you're nothing but a blasé old bacchelot, while I'm a settled-down citizen, with a vote and a happy home. But I'd like to be that shivering sophomore just another night—to be able to get up the excitement with which the class of '92 watched the fire."



Snow.

There blooms no bud in May  
Can for its white compare  
With snow at break of day  
On leafless fields and bare.

For shadow it hath rose,  
Azure and amethyst;  
And every air that blows  
Dies out in beauteous mist.

And when the moon doth rise,  
Amid the stars her beams  
Stream pure and colorless  
Wide o'er a world of dreams.  
—Walter De La Mare.

## The Author of "Obiter Dicta."

The cabinet formed by Great Britain's new Premier is unusually strong on the literary side. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not known as writer of distinction, but is said to be better acquainted with French literature than any other prominent Englishman. But Mr. Morley, Mr. Birrell and Mr. Haldane are all authors of the first rank. Among the many politicians who have been successful in their appeal to the literary public is Right Honorable Augustine Birrell, the new Minister for Education. In fact, Mr. Birrell has done what few writers have accomplished and has caused a new word to be invented, "birrelling" being a term in frequent use at Westminster to describe that light yet discerning manner which distinguishes the writer of "Res Judicatae" and "Obiter Dicta."

In the February number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" there is a sketch of Mr. Birrell, written by Herbert Vivian. The former has expressed himself forcibly in one of his essays regarding "interviews," and it is no surprise to find that Mr. Vivian could hardly persuade him to submit to the operation. At first he frankly refused in emphatic terms: "But I have a positive loathing of the format of an interview. There is something about it, even if you do it, which makes me squirm. I daresay it is association, but the phrases, the entourage, the personal descriptions, makes my gorge rise. Truth does not ever lurk in an interview. . . . Then there is the crowning vulgarity of the smug Photograph, or 'Photo.' God preserve me from such things! Caricature is always agreeable, an oil by Sargent must excite hatred, but a 'Photo' yours is a skilful hand. But the interview is too much for you. It drags you down. It blunts your wit. It robs your praise of distinction and your criticism of force."

However, the wily Mr. Vivian pointed out that his studies in personality were by no means to be confounded with the common or garden variety of interview and that under no circumstances would he use the word "photo," and so he was allowed to call on Mr. Birrell and found him in cheerful chambers at Lincoln's Inn, with his face buried in his hands. The reader may feel profoundly thankful that Mr. Vivian is a person of perseverance, for the sketch given us is more than commonly interesting.

"I should sum him up as the extreme antithesis to the faux bonhomme. We all know the noisy, frank, hearty, garrulous, slap-you-on-the-back individual who squeezes your hand into jelly, oozes and perspires with needless benevolence; then goes away to trounce or else remains to cozen. That is the faux bonhomme. Mr. Birrell, like Mr. Labouchere, is rather the counterfeit misanthrope. To all outward appearance he is a sad, sombre, pensive, almost dismal personage, with thin lugubrious lips and a melancholy mouth. But all these outward and visible signs deceive nobody, for his inward and spiritual graces are so transparent.

No one is taken in for a moment by the forlorn face, which never contrives to mask an hilarious benevolence."

Concerning the Parliamentary candidate Mr. Birrell makes several cheerful remarks, the following comparison naturally occurring to an islander. "Like seabirds, they come screaming and flapping their wings, and settle down at the same hotel, which for days resounds with their cheerful cries. In the smoking-rooms at night, after their oratorical labors are over, they are very great, very proud, very happy."

When discoursing upon "Nationality," the author most happily sums up an Englishman as "he who treads upon your corns, smiles at your religion and does not want to know anything at all about your aspirations." He is capable of vigorous contempt, as in the instance of his retort when told that the people do not read the works of that great man, Dr. Samuel Johnson—"Beshrew the general public! When has it ever known anything about literature?"

Probably Cardinal Newman is the writer whom the genial critic holds most dear, although his essay on Carlyle is considered by many his most brilliant bit of literary comment. Curiously enough when John Wesley was the subject of magazine articles and reviews on the two hundredth anniversary of his birthday, one of the most stimulating contributions on the subject came from the pen of Augustine Birrell, who seldom fails

to appreciate greatness of ability and character, whether it be found in prelate or preacher. His humor is of delightful flavor and truly "begets the smiles that know not cruelty." Whoever would enjoy its quiet richness may turn to the essay on "Hannah More" with assurance that his remarks on the works of that virtuous lady are worth many biographies. Kindly, witty Birrell! May his ways be ways of pleasantness and his political paths be peace!

## English Poetry and English History.

In the February number of the "Canadian Magazine" there is an article bearing the above title, by Professor Goldwin Smith, which is reprinted by permission of the editor of the "American Historical Review."

The article takes a brief survey of English poetry in connection with the history of England from Chaucer down to our present bards. After the Baconian-cipher rubbish which Ignatius Donnelly and Mrs. Elizabeth Wells-Gallup have inflicted on the bewildered world it is comforting to read: "No person of sense, it may be presumed, doubts that Shakespeare wrote his own plays. Greene and Ben Jonson and Charles I. and Milton thought he did. But, say the Baconians, how came a yeoman's son, brought up among bumpkins and educated at a country grammar-school, to acquire that imperial knowledge of human nature in all its varieties and ranks? This is the one strong point in their case. But Shakespeare, in London, got into an intellectual set. Several of his brother playwrights were university men. The subject of the 'Sonnets' was evidently not vulgar. But much may be explained by sheer genius. Among poets, two are pre-eminent; one lived in the meridian light and amidst the abounding culture of the Elizabethan era; the other in the very dawn of civilization, as some think before the invention of writing, sang, a wandering minstrel, in rude Eolian or Ionian halls, and the influence of Homer on the world's imagination, though less deep, has been wider than that of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, though peerless, was not alone; perhaps he would not even have been peerless had Marlowe lived and worked, for in the last scenes of 'Faust' and 'Edward II.' Marlowe rises to the Shakespearian height."

In referring to the poets who follow the French Revolution the writer says: "We may recognize Burns as one of the foremost in the second class of poets, unsurpassed in his own line, without allowing ourselves to have his character thrust upon our sympathy. The union of high poetic sensibility with what is low in character has been seen not in Burns only, but in Byron, in Edgar Poe, and in many others. If we are to pay homage to such a character as Burns because he was a great Scotch poet, why should we not pay it to that paragon of pure-minded and noble-hearted gentlemen, Walter Scott?"

There is a humorous summing up of Shelley's doctrines: "A revolutionist, Shelley was with a vengeance in every line, religious, political, social, moral, matrimonial, and even dietetic, wanting us to be vegetarians and marry our sisters. He was in fact an anarchist, though as far as possible from being a dynamiter; resembling the gentle Kropotkin of our day, who believes that we should all be good and happy if we would only do away with the police." William Watson speaks glowingly of "Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine," and in reference to his place among the poets Mr. Smith says: "He is not the first of poets in mental power, but he is, it seems to me, the most purely and intensely poetic."

There are many who fail to make the following confession, but who lack the courage: "Of Brownings I fear to speak. His characteristic poems do not give me pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give. He is a philosopher in verse with Browning societies to interpret his philosophy."

The conclusion is calmly unconvincing: "Neither in England nor anywhere else does there appear to be a great poet. Imagination has taken refuge in the novels, of which there is a deluge, though among them, George Eliot in her peculiar line excepted, there is not the rival of Miss Austen, Walter Scott, Thackeray or Dickens. The phenomenon appears to be common to Europe in general. Is science killing poetic feeling? Darwin owns that he had entirely lost all taste for poetry, and not only for poetry, but for anything esthetic. Yet Tennyson seems to have shown that science itself has a sentiment of its own and one capable of poetic presentation. Ours is manifestly an age of transition. Of what it is the precursor an old man is not likely to see."

## A Story of British Columbia.

A field for the lover of rough-shod romance might surely be found on our largest province, with the sea, the mountains and the great rivers to lead variety to adventure. Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley is, I believe, an Englishman by birth, but has lived for many years in Canada. He is known

as a writer of stirring verse, some of it decidedly imperialistic in tone. He has turned his attention to the short story of late and with good results if we may judge from "The Claim-Jumpers," which appears this month in an English magazine. The illustrations, by Simon Harmon Vedder, are decidedly striking, the head-piece having an excellent effect of forest and hills. The writer has an energetic fashion of plunging the reader into the scene and the story: "For a thousand years the green gloom of the pine woods had lain unbroken upon the mountains of West Kootenay; the filmy lace of the cedars had veiled the foothills and there had been silence and peace."

"But in 1901 a whisper went through the world, as disturbing as the tremor which precedes an earthquake, stirring the little men in their busy centers, so that Yankees worth millions rushed from office to office in Wall street, cables hummed and telephones rang incessantly, hatless Englishmen, otherwise immaculately dressed, dived in and out amongst the byways of the Stock Exchange, whilst by road and rail men in blue overalls and flannel shirts streamed towards the foothills, and even in the scented cedar gloom you might hear the clink-clink of a billy riding uneasily upon the prospect's pack."

"The word has gone forth that there was silver in Slocan, wherefore the Eagles who prospect for the fun of it, and the Vultures who come for the carcass, swarmed in towards the lake."

## Esperanto.

Public attention has lately been drawn to the proposed universal language, Esperanto, owing to the recent successful congress of Esperantists at Boulogne. A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" gives some interesting information regarding the success of the movement in Europe and the nature of the language itself.

According to this student of the subject, the first pamphlet on the question was published in 1887 by Dr. Zamenhof, a Russian physician. About ten years later Esperanto seemed to be thriving, having been taken up in Russia, Norway and Sweden, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy considered it seriously before England became acquainted with the new international language. However, in a year thirty societies of Esperantists were formed in England.

There were two great difficulties to be overcome: to make the language easy to learn and to make it acceptable to all.

"A Plank?" faltered the unhappy proselyte. "A Plank!" shouted the other. "It's a Plank!"

"But—but—" persisted the foolish proselyte, "it would be a step upwards on the glorious ladder of Human Progress, the beginning of a Golden Dawn—I have heard you say so a thousand times."

But the neighbor only vouchsafed a snort of disgust, and vanished; and thereafter he always referred to the Worthy Citizen as "that pitiful wobbler, Jones."

Moral: Grow roses.—Punch.

## The Russian Ill Wind.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The Russian revolution is bringing a golden harvest to the Riviera, where grand dukes are as plentiful as blackberries. Cannes might be termed a suburb of St. Petersburg; one hears Russian spoken on all sides, especially on the golf links, where quite one-half of the players are Russian. The Grand Duchess Cyril—ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse—is an enthusiastic golfer, and the fact of her having incurred the Czar's displeasure by her recent marriage does not appear in any way to have affected her relations with the other members of the Imperial Family, with whom she is on the best of terms. The Grand Duke Nicholas plays frequently at the Monte Carlo Casino, where he has been one of the sensational losers of the season.

An interesting story is told of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholovitch, who is a bit of a gambler and is to be seen most days trying his luck at Monte Carlo. One day last week, after a particularly bad run, an unknown lady beside him suggested his putting a louis on No. 36, which promptly turned up. The grand duke indicated to the croupier that the money was to be paid to the lady, who on her side refused to take it up. During the polite altercation the money had been left on the table, when the same number turned up again. Neither player would agree to accept the stakes until the grand duke had the happy thought of asking the lady to forward them to some charitable society for the poor of Russia.

## Full Up.

When the ladies were picking up the dishes after a Sunday-school picnic given to children of the poor quarter, several slices of cake were found which they did not wish to carry home.

One said to a small lad who was already asthmatic from gorging, "Here, boy, won't you have another piece of cake?"

"Well," he replied, taking it rather listlessly, "I guess I can still chaw, but I can't swallow."—Lippincott's.

Nell—Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack of the football team.

Bell—What does it say?

"It says, 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it—Greek or Roman?—Exchange.'

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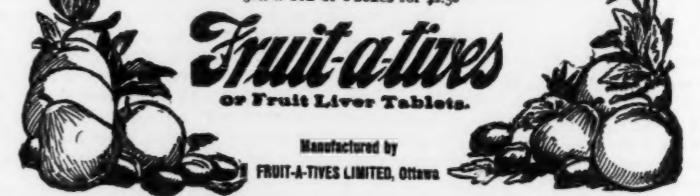
St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., June 10th, 1905.

I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and now I am entirely well, no pain, no constipation and my stomach and bowels act naturally. I cannot say enough in praise of "Fruit-a-tives"—they are a grand medicine, mild as fruit in their action and easy to take. (Signed) H. MARCHESSAULT, High Constable.

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Irish (Exeter) — December 17th brings you under Sagittarius, the last of the fire triplicity. It is noted for straight, blunt expression and ability to hit the mark. Long-sightedness and excellent intuition make them often prophetic of results. Busy, minding their own affairs, careful and particular about their work, ready for emergencies, neat and orderly (where you are perhaps lacking), generally humanitarian and able to make and save if needful, people of one thought and idea at a time, generally jovial and fearless, such are the typical Sagittarius folk. It is not generally an artistic sign, but you have quite a talent, and if you are patient and diligent, should succeed. I have little opinion of Marie Corelli—the only time I ever saw her she behaved very rudely and showed temper, but she's clever, able and talented doubtless, and some of her books I like—not "Thelma," which is full of inaccurate Norwegian details, so my Norwegian friends tell me. She does not love reviewers. Sometimes I feel sorry for the peppery little old maid. Your writing shows caution, quick perception, animation, love of effect, ambition, not a bit of tact and very little emotional feeling. You are dominant, decided and a bit selfish. Thought and justice are plainly shown.

Conceptum—Tenacity, nervous energy, self-love and impulse, without control or judgment, are shown in your study. I think you have so much yet to learn that I had better not pick you to pieces just now. You have the stuff in you to develop a fine Aries (April 15th), and should grow fast in silence and solitude. Remember the worst sins of your sign are selfishness, anger and impetuosity. The first and the last show clearly in your study. The Aries propensity to egotism and talking of oneself is suggested by the substance of your letter. And yet, I believe in you, rather.

Carmen—July 24th brings you under Leo, the August sign, with some of Cancer's influence lingering over you. You have susceptibility and are rather easily influenced, have a tenacious, but not nervous, hold, some originality, fair persistence, discretion and practical purpose. You have some original method do not sufficiently conserve your energies, nor yet the reserve so useful and necessary at times. You are clever and rather fond of power. It is a hand full of sentiment, but not generous in giving. It seems to me you need a brace of some sort.

E. M. S. (Goderich)—You are determined and can show much force when necessary. The slant you affect would mar any writing, as it robs it of real character, concentration, open speech, care of detail, good facility of expression and culture are shown.

Mary D.—Pleasant and plausible manner, capacity of adaptation, refined and feminine nature, sympathy, tact and decided taste for beauty and the arts, are some of the things shown in your study, which is one of great worth and decided femininity. You are conservative, cautious and of a rather cheerful disposition. You neither desire to dominate nor to direct others. This is a very attractive Libra person, who seems to have the scales balanced fairly well. There is much tenderness in her.

Bella Wilfer—February 13th brings you under the full influence of Aquarius, an air sign, and perhaps you'll allow me to wish you many happy returns of next Tuesday. You have one of the traits of Aquarius, a sort of happy-go-lucky carelessness. You can be unduly pessimistic (it is by no means a joyous hand), and, though clever in expression and somewhat fastidious as well, it lacks finish. I fancy writer would feel thoroughly and keenly injustice and coldness, and be sometimes apprehensive of failure in business or in

their splendid will power and determination into action, neither to excuse nor flatter themselves, be slow to anger or resentment of criticism and very honest and open and above-board. A degenerate Scorpio is very sly and cunning, suspicious and jealous. To acknowledge faults and weakness is more than half the battle with Scorpio nature; never to scold, nag, or analyze other's motives will be difficult, but must be achieved. Scorpio likes travel on the sea and is fond of outdoor sports, also of good living and fine apparel. When these people are truly spiritual they are the salt of the earth, helpful, powerful, tender and devoted to humanity. Your study is good, but undeveloped.

Anno Domini—A good deal of pride and excellent self-control, clear sightedness, concentration, some sympathy, capacity for deep and loyal affection, care for detail, discretion and caution in dealing with others, sense of proportion and good judgment, courage and honesty, excellent vitality and self-respect. If you sometimes respond it emphasizes your evident need of inspiration, away from the things of work and striving. It is a hand to have and hold its own.

Nansen—There's no ice bridge yet. The winter only began on February 2nd, and it is moderating now, one day later. You might send news from the other end of the world, sir.

#### Do Gentlemen Swear?

**T**HE blunt statement made by Dr. Parkhurst of New York, that a man who swears is "no gentleman," is provocative of soul-searchings and questions. Imprimis, what is "swearing"? Is swearing saying "Damn"? Some may think so, but we believe that there is a judicial decision in one of the States having an anti-profanity law, to the effect that a simple, chaste, heartily uttered "Damn" is not "swearing" within the meaning of the law. And we have ourselves beheld nice, top-hatted old gentlemen who, slipping on a banana-peel, uttered the word "Jehosaphat" with such force, fury, and fervor that to our common or garden mind, they seemed infinitely more profane than men we have heard mutter a gentle, admonishing "Damn" on perceiving that it was twenty minutes later than they thought it was, and it was too late to catch the five o'clock boat. We have even heard maiden ladies with curls say "Land sakes alive!" with such a rolling eye, and angular gesture, and crescent tone, that truly, they seemed nearer "swearing" than a cool truckman who remarks to the bay on the off side, "Damn you, Bill, get up there!" Indeed, we have even heard men say "Great Scott!" with such grinding and rending of the wells of emotion, such apparent violence of objurgation, as to come strictly within the realm of profanity. So the question arises, What constitutes profanity? Does the reverend gentleman consider only "swear words" profane, or does he count as profanity any expletives expectorated with profane emphasis, and under stress of undue emotion? In the latter case, Dr. Parkhurst's statement

reduces to the idea that no gentleman permits anger to dominate him completely, but always retains a hold upon his passions and passionate speech. This is an understandable theory. In the former case, however, where the words employed become the sole basis of judgment, we are given pause. What, then, of one G. Washington, who used "Damn" and kindred expletives, with force and eloquence—was he "no gentleman"? What of that other fighter, the Duke of Wellington, whose curious oaths are famous? Was Wellington not entitled to the name of gentleman? And, coming nearer home, are we to suppose that Theodore Roosevelt always says "By Godfrey"? It seems to us—we have heard somewhere—we believe—that the cowboys up near Medora on the Little Missouri would grin like anything should you, perchance remark that "Teddy" never swore. And even now—But no tales out of school.

It strikes us, indeed, that Dr. Parkhurst is going to have no very tremendous support in the press of the country for his contention that no gentleman ever swears. The "Christian Advocate" will help him out, of course; the "Sunday School Times" will come nobly to his rescue; he ought to be able to count upon the fearless support of the Rev. Lyman Abbot's "Outlook". But in the secular press we look in vain for champions of his thesis. Even the high-minded, chaste, and elegant New York "Evening Post" finds in its heart charity which "will allow no wholesale disqualification of great-hearted gentlemen, who discreetly fortify their simple 'yea and nay.' And in the West, in particular, we hear not a single hand-clap. That was somewhat to be expected from a country where, in a thousand barbershops, thousands upon thousands of offices, and hundreds of hotel lobbies, there is posted the "motto of the Western man," which is, "Live each day so you can look every damn man in the eye, and tell him to go to hell." —San Francisco "Argonaut."

#### Hates to Go Home.

The lover can't help showing The girl he's calling on That when he's slow in going He's positively "gone." —Philadelphia Press.

#### Quaintly Frank.

In the following quaintly formal letter the parents of Welsh brides sometimes bid their friends attend the wedding and bid them also not come empty-handed: "Whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow will be thankfully received and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion. The parents of the bride and bridegroom-elect desire that all gifts due to them will be returned to them on the above date and will be thankful for all favors granted." —Troy Times.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, doesn't your conscience tell you when you have done wrong?

Tommy—Yes, ma'am; but it doesn't tell my mother.—Kansas City "Independent."



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#### Fluffy's Finish.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a Louisville (Kan.) paper:

"Lost—One dollar reward will be paid for the return of my Maltese kitten; white cross on throat, blue ribbon about neck; answers to name of Fluffy.—Mrs. X. Y. Brown." And immediately under it appeared the following: "Reward—I will pay \$3 reward for the hide of said cat.—X. Y. Brown." —Topeka "State Journal."

#### Advance in Learning.

Time was when in one of our Canadian universities the same man lectured on history (ancient, mediæval and modern), English, Italian and Gothic; in another the Professor of Classics and the Professor of Modern Languages and English depended for assistance on a single all-round linguist, while in a third the Professor of Modern Languages was also Professor of Hebrew, and acting Professor of Greek and Latin, and spent his spare time looking after the interests of English. Less than twenty years have passed, and to-day the work of these three individuals is distributed between twenty-two members of the various faculties concerned. From this concrete example one gets an idea of the advance of learning in these departments of university work, none of them, be it observed, belonging to the so-called scientific side.—Professor Keys, in February "Canadian Magazine."

"Texas is one of the most moral States in the Union," said Opie Read, the lecturer. "Now, don't laugh. An old Kansas man now living there told me so. No swearing there at all. Why, the only swearing I heard there was myself talking about railroad trains, and that wasn't real cussing—just justifiable criticism. Great train service they have in Texas. Cotton Bolt train came in on time in a little town on the line, and the Commercial Club was so pleased it raised a purse for the engineer. Honest man, he was, though, and he said, 'I can't take this money,' friends; this is yesterday's train." —Kansas City "Journal."

A liar is either so depraved that he is not ashamed to be known as a liar, or so stupid as to know that he can be a liar without being found out.—"Home and Abroad."

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CHARLES DICKENS.

The 94th anniversary of whose birth was celebrated on February 7. The Toronto branch of the Dickens' Fellowship commemorated the event by holding a dinner.

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## How Lincoln Chose a Secretary.

When I was editor of a weekly paper in Illinois, says William O. Stoddard to "Success Magazine," in the late fifties, I felt a great interest in a Springfield lawyer and ex-congressman named Abraham Lincoln. I had heard him speak several times. There was something in the man that commanded instant attention, and every time you saw or heard him your respect increased.

Everybody was talking about the coming nomination for the presidency, and one day I dashed off a little editorial suggesting that Mr. Lincoln had had experience at Washington as a representative, was able and fearless, and would be a good man to lead the nation in the crisis that we could all see impending. On reading what I had written, before giving it to the printer, I felt that the idea was such a good one as to be worth circulating beyond the confines of the rather limited clientele of my own paper. I had two hundred and fifty proofs pulled, one of which I sent to each of the papers in Illinois. Many of them printed it when I did, and thus we started the presidential boom of Mr. Lincoln.

During the campaign I supported him with all the strength of my pen and tongue, but had received no recognition from him; and, when I dropped in to see him, at Springfield, to pay my respects after his election, I had no confidence that he would know anything about me. He put out his long arm and gave me a pump-handle shake, exclaiming—

"I'm glad to see you, young man. I rather suspect that you are one of my good friends. Isn't it so?" I assured him that it was.

"Why, of course it is," he said, heartily. "I know that, perhaps, better than you guess. How would you like to go to Washington?"

The suddenness of this proposal took my breath away. "Why, why, I am pretty well satisfied where I am, Mr. Lincoln," I answered, hesitatingly, "but, if I could go on your personal staff, I—"

"Now, that's a compliment," he interrupted, laughing, "but it happens to be just what I was thinking of. Go home and write me a letter, so that we can get this thing down in black and white."

I went home and wrote the letter, and, in a day or two, received Mr. Lincoln's reply appointing me one of his private secretaries. In this off-hand way he reshaped my life.

## Wanted to Know Too Much.

Recently there was a series of burglaries committed in the fashionable section of Baltimore. So anxious were the police authorities to apprehend the culprits that instructions were issued to the roundsmen to exercise extraordinary vigilance during their tours of inspection.

On one occasion, just after midnight, an officer saw emerging noiselessly from a house in Eutaw Place a young man, who hastily darted down the street. The officer made after him as rapidly as possible. When he had stopped the young man, he said—

"Didn't you come out of the corner house just now?"

The young fellow, though of quite a respectable air, seemed ill at ease. "I did," he answered, with some confusion.

"Do you live in that house?" sternly demanded the officer.

"That's an impudent question," replied the young man, in a tone of great indignation. "I don't see what business of yours it is, so long as your father doesn't object."—Success."

## A Regard for Appearance.

A milliner endeavored to sell to a colored woman one of the last season's hats at a very moderate price. It was a big white picture hat.

"Law, no, honey!" exclaimed the woman. "I could nevah wear that. I'd look jes' like a blueberry in a pan of milk!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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## Anecdotal

"The vicissitudes of actors," said James K. Hackett, "are incredible. There was Brown, who went touring in South Africa last year. I met Brown's cousin yesterday. 'Well, how is Jim?' I asked. 'Jim?' said the cousin; 'body o' me, man, Jim is dead.' 'Dead? How did he die?' 'Pelted to death with eggs at Cape Town,' the cousin answered. 'But eggs don't kill,' said I. He smiled sadly, and murmured: 'Ostrich eggs do.'

Some time ago an Irish priest was appealing to one of his congregation to give up whiskey. "Surely, Pat," said he, "you must know what ill effects will follow upon the excessive use of this poison. Leave it alone, my man, and use water." "Ah, father," replied Pat, "your advice is good to be sure, but the doctors told me I've an iron constitution, and faith I'm afraid I might rust."

A serious-minded London lady was bringing an interview with a cook to a satisfactory conclusion when the question came: "Do you have family prayers, m'm?" The lady, much pleased, replied "Always." "Morning and evening?" asked the cook. "Both—certainly," was the proud reply. "Then I must mention," said the cook, "that I shall require two guineas extra."

A lady who did not speak French tried vainly to make her dressmaker, who did not speak English, understand that she wanted her collar attached to the outside of her blouse. After various failures she exclaimed at last in despair, "Mettez à l'Impériale" (the outside of a tram or omnibus). This was successful, and the work was done as she wished.

No true sportsman aims at a bird unless on the wing. A certain story goes, however, that "Arry from Cockneyville was on a certain occasion observed by a watchful keeper deliberately levelling his gun at a pheasant walking on the ground about twenty yards off. "You're never going to shoot while it is walking," cried the horrified keeper. "Oh dear, no," retorted "Arry. "I'm waiting till it stops."

Senator Pettus of Alabama was writing with a noisy, spluttering pen. Laying the pen down, he smiled and said: "Once I was spending the evening with a friend of mine in Selma. We sat in the dining-room and from the kitchen came a dreadful scratching sound. 'Martha,' said my friend to the maid, 'what is that scratching in the kitchen?' It must be the dog trying to get in." "Huh!" said Martha, "dat's no dwag scratchin' de do." Dat's de cook a-writin' a love-letter to her honeysuckle."

Dilating on the necessity for precise instructions, Lord Balfour, at a London dinner, told an amusing story relating to the Sudan Railway. To an official, he said, there came a telegram from an outlying station: "Stationmaster has died. Shall I bury him?" The reply was sent: "Yes, bury stationmaster; but please make sure he is really dead before you do so." In due time came back the message: "Have buried stationmaster. Made sure he was dead by hitting him twice on the head with a fishplate."

A Roman Catholic priest and a Protestant clergyman who were neighbours and really good friends, but liked to have a poke at one another occasionally, met one morning in the course of their duties and the following conversation took place. Protestant clergyman: "I say, father, have you heard about this terrible affair? What just happened?" Roman Catholic: "No, what is it?" Protestant: "Well, the floor of purgatory has given way, and all the Roman Catholics have tumbled into hell." Roman Catholic: "Oh dear, dear, dear! What a crushing those poor Protestants will get."

A churchman was travelling through the country with an evangelist. At a village a meeting was held at which an announcement was made that the proceeds of a collection to be taken would be turned over to a missionary fund. In the audience was a man who was publicly known to oppose foreign missions, and who was also suspected of being an agnostic of the deepest dye. The churchman in the course of the collection passed this man the box. The other pushed it away with a sneer on his face. The churchman, thrusting the box under the fellow's nose, said: "Here take some—it's for the heathen."

Professor Starr, the famous ethnologist, was accusing a woman of barbarism. "And she is not only barbarous—she is illogical and inconsistent!" he exclaimed; "I was walking in the country one day with a young woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to skin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs. 'You wicked little boy,' said my companion, 'are you going up there to rot that nest?'" "I am," the boy replied coolly. "How can you?" she exclaimed; "think the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs?" "Oh, she won't care," said the boy; "she's up there in your hat!"

On one occasion a great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stuart, a celebrated artist and a great braggart. When Hull visited his studio Stuart took great delight in entertaining him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the marquis of this and the baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been ac-



SOME GREAT BRITISH LANDOWNERS.

1. The Duke of Fife, owner of about 249,300 acres. 2. The Duke of Portland, owner of about 183,200 acres. 3. Lady Mary Hamilton, the wealthiest woman in Great Britain. 4. Lord Lovat, owner of about 181,800 acres. 5. The Duke of Devonshire, owner of about 186,000 acres. 6. The Marquis of Bute, owner of about 117,000 acres. 7. The Duke of Sutherland, owner of about 1,358,600 acres. 8. The Duke of Atholl, owner of about 202,000 acres.

In the good old days of open voting, such wealthy landowners as those whose portraits are given would have been able to choose their own members of Parliament in British elections. It would not have been good policy for tenants to refuse their wishes.

customed. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in, with apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchiefs, from the kitchen, and cried out: "Do you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" to which Stuart replied, with great presence of mind, "Ask your mistress."

## The Stoker.

In the darkness under the world, His roof is the coal-dust cloud o'er head, And dust is the floor beneath him spread, And the mole in garden sod Knows more of the sweet daylight than he Who swings his shovel in bunker three, Or tugs at the furnace rod. Down deeper than engine purrs and swings, On the grimy under side of things, He leaps when the bugles blow And great guns thunder in sudden fight; And then, pent there in the choking night, Shifts the coal heaps to and fro.

Hath visions of deeds 'twere good to do— Of a man's part cleanly played clean through

Aloft in the open sun— But his to sweat by the furnace door, And reel at last to the reeling floor When his captain's fight is won.

Other dreams come to him yet more dear— Of God's wide sky, and a sea glass-clear,

And a salt wind, cool, cool, cool! To him of the pit a breath divine That his shrivelled soul drinks in like wine,

And a dream-draught rich and full.

Small is his need if the old flag win, And if it lose—then a louder din,

A rent in the iron wall, And death swirls in through the jagged gate,

And the stoker finds in the hold his fate.

And coffin and grave and all.

God keep thee, shipmate; and some good day

May He from heaven's bridge stoop and say,

"O man by the doors of hell, Come up! For the stifling toil is past,

And the good ship rides in port at last;

All's over and all is well;

Come up to the deck of the world!"

—William Hervey Woods, in "Scribner's Magazine."

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Dawn Refused to Appear.

Business had not been good at the Thespian temple of a Midland town, and various tradesmen were pressing the management for payment. As a last appeal to an unappreciative public a play, "For Honor and for England," was put on. One scene was played in semi-darkness. The hero, sitting in a log hut, was waiting for daybreak, destined to bring him deliverance from his woes or disaster.

"The dawn at last!" he exclaimed. "Bright Phœbus gilds yonder mountain peak!" "Bright Phœbus gilds yonder mountain peak!" he repeated in louder tones, announced that the cue to turn up the footlights had not been noticed. Still the darkness continued. "Bright Phœbus gilds yonder mountain peak, I say!" he roared.

"Well, guv'nor," came in clear tones from the gasman at the wings, "I reckon you'd better git along without Phœbus. They've cut the blessed gas off!"—*Chicago News*.

A pretentious person recently said to Colonel Green of Woodbury, N.J.: "How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your town?" "Very well, sir; very well indeed," answered the Colonel. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this town." The lecture never came off.

"John," exclaimed the indignant other half of the combination, "do you see this blonde hair on your coat just where one of the buttons is missing?"

"Yes, my dear," meekly replied John.

"Well, sir?" she queried in a tone that demanded an explanation.

"Oh, it's all right," answered the head of the house, as he winked at the cat. "I put the hair where you

found it for the purpose of attracting

your attention to the button which

has been missing for nearly a week."

—*Chicago News*.



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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



**H**AT may be justly called the great local music festival of the year—the cycle of concerts by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh orchestra—will monopolize the attention and the patronage of the musical community for the greater part of next week. The memorable production will be, of course, the performance of Beethoven's colossal Ninth Symphony, for chorus and orchestra, which will receive its first presentation in Toronto. One knows how the Pittsburgh orchestra will render their part of the work, but the public may not yet know that the Mendelssohn Choir has never before had a body of singers so efficient in execution and precision, so splendid in volume and tone color, so admirably rehearsed. I had the privilege of being permitted to attend the Tuesday's rehearsal of the symphony, and can give my personal testimony to the fact that the extreme difficulties of their score have been successfully overcome by the chorus, and that their music, so far from sounding complex, gives the impression of being clear and simple. If the soloists are as competent as the choir and orchestra, we may expect a most illuminating interpretation. The four programmes of the festival contain many other masterpieces, both orchestral and choral, all replete with interest and beauty, but the Beethoven symphony night will, I think, be looked forward to as of supreme importance.

Owing to the great demand upon my space last week, two concerts were passed unnoticed. One was the recital by Miss Adele Blachford, soprano, in St. George's Hall on the night of the "Samson" production, who has evidently a large circle of admirers, for notwithstanding the competition of the big event, she attracted a large audience that filled the auditorium. Miss Blachford, who has a bright, sweet voice, a finished method and a winning style, contributed a delightful selection which embraced so varied a list of composers as Wagner, Noel Johnson, Wilhelmj, S. H. Woodman, Meyerbeer, Francis Leon and Ellen Wright, and won a pronounced triumph by the musical charm of her renderings. She was assisted by Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist, who contributed several exacting solos, in regard to technique and expression, with sterling qualities of tone and reading, and Mr. Jolliffe, baritone, who sang his numbers with much warmth of feeling and in excellent voice. Miss Cunningham accompanied with ability. The second concert was that given by Miss Mildred Lawson in the Conservatory of Music Hall, which was crowded by a fashionable audience. Miss Lawson, who has a pretty soprano voice, that has been carefully trained, was specially felicitous in her treatment of two numbers by Goring Thomas, and another by Somerville, which she rendered with suggestive significance and with sympathetic appreciation of the sentiment of each. Mr. Hubert Eisdell won enthusiastic applause for his singing, and Mr. Paul Hahn and Miss Mary Caldwell added to the pleasure of the evening by their respective numbers on the piano and violoncello, both revealing brilliant technique and command of tone. Mr. Albert Nordheimer's new "Danse Melodique" was introduced by Mr. Hahn, and caught the fancy of the audience at first hearing.

While it is a well-known fact that the fame of the Mendelssohn Choir and its eminent conductor has travelled far beyond the confines of our own country, it is more than gratifying to find that its work is recognized by the press of our sister republic. A Rochester paper, in a recent issue, speaks as follows: "Toronto is to be congratulated on the position it is attaining in the musical world. With one possible exception, (the Worcester Festival Choir), the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, has the highest reputation of any chorus on the continent. It is one of the few choirs that dares to go outside its own city and face the judgment of musicians who are not personally interested in its success, and the impression they have made in Buffalo is one of sincere admiration. Not are the Toronto people lacking in initiative. On the 13th, 14th and 15th of this month, they will have as visitors the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Together the choir and orchestra will perform Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Grieg's 'Olav Trygvason,' and Mendelssohn's 'First Walpurgis Night.' When will Rochesterians take heart of grace and either emulate the achievements of the Toronto choir, or invite them and the Pittsburgers to do the Ninth Symphony. Think of it; Rochester has never heard this wonderful work!" Following the Toronto concerts, the Choir will travel to Buffalo on February 22, and give a concert in association with the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Already this concert has been heavily subscribed for, and following the example of the Mendelssohn Choir in Toronto, the subscriptions are limited to a small number to each subscriber. For the Toronto concert the plan opens to the general public to-day, February 10, at Massey Hall, at 9 a.m. and although the subscription has been a large one, there will be a considerable number of seats on sale at that hour.

The executive committee of the New York Symphony orchestra have decided to permanently increase the strings by ten additional members, making the actual strength of the orchestra 97, or 17 more than they brought to Toronto for the National Chorus Concert. The distribution of

the strings will be 18 first violins, 18 second violins, 14 violas, 12 violoncellos, and 10 basses. Such an orchestra with the splendid wind band they have already ought to produce superb effects.

Writing about the musical situation in London, Mr. E. A. Baughan in the "Music Lovers' Calandar," the first number of which is to hand, says: "In general our weakness is in home-made music. That is to say, if you eliminate the concerts and recitals given by foreign artists, there is but very little music remaining. Our strongest point is in orchestral concerts. The British orchestral player has been praised from time immemorial, and only the other day Nikisch gave me a private opinion of the London Symphony Orchestra which was very flattering. We are not holding our own in choral music—London is not to be compared with the provinces in this respect—and we have no really first-class string quartettes. Opera, of course, is an exotic as it is in America. But the performances at Covent Garden have greatly improved in ensemble during the last decade, and this year, the 'Ring,' conducted by Dr. Richter, was an especial triumph."

Mr. Bispham, although an American, is candid enough to make the following admission—"The English speaking voice is much more beautiful than the American voice. On the streets one hears it, deeper and quieter than the high-pitched screaming one hears in the American streets. It is painful to hear some cultured American women talk. Their voice tones are musical and sweet enough when they speak low, but they have tones that are truly like that of a saw going through wood, or worse, when they raise their voices. I have been at some of the college towns where young men are supposed to be taught culture, and not only is their language slangy and common, but their voices are painful in their sharp, harsh quality."

Conductor Fletcher has come to the conclusion that the similarity of names between the Toronto Choral Union and the People's Choral Union may lead to confusion, and he will, accordingly, change the title of the Toronto Choral Union after March 1, to the Schubert Choir of Toronto. This chorus is composed almost altogether of graduates from the People's Choral Union.

Owing to a greater demand for Mr. Armstrong's services as vocal teacher, he will not make his home in Philadelphia as he proposed doing, but will remain in Toronto, much to the satisfaction of his numerous friends.

Mr. Russell S. McLean, former baritone soloist of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, and pupil of Dr. Albert Ham, has been appointed soloist in the quartette choir of Washington Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, New York. His many Toronto friends will congratulate him on the appointment.

Mr. A. S. Vogt has received two offers from important United States cities—one to take charge of the organ and choir of an influential Presbyterian church, and the other to found a choir on the lines of the Mendelssohn choir. These approaches are, of course, very gratifying to Mr. Vogt as a recognition from outside of the valuable services he has rendered in Toronto in the cause of music, and of the estimation in which he is held as a general musician. I do not think it likely, however, that Mr. Vogt will accept either of these offers. He has made his mark in Toronto and has been given so much encouragement and support in his great and far-reaching educational enterprises, that he should be very satisfied with his environment.

The Toronto District Royal Temperance gave an attractive concert at Massey Hall on Friday evening of last week, in aid of the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives. There was a large audience, who shewed generous appreciation of the efforts of the artists. One of the great successes was made by Miss Mabel Manley in her solo song, the "Vilanelle," by Del Aqua, which difficult number she sang with clear-cut execution, and with rare beauty of tone. Mr. Sherlock presented his Male Quartette, who contributed several numbers with smoothness of style and unanimity of ensemble, while appearing in a duet with Miss Manley and in solo with his accustomed distinction. Mr. George Dixon rendered with warm feeling Lang's "Irish Love Song," Miss Emma T. Irons gave several recitations very pleasingly, Mr. Paul Hahn played three violoncello solos with taste, and a good sustained singing tone where that was demanded, and Miss Perle Chelew acted as accompanist to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music a vocal recital was given by pupils of Dr. Torrington. Those who took part were: Eveline Ashworth, Katharine Ellis, Ethel M. Robinson, and also Lewetta Cairns, who contributed a group of piano solos. Following is the programme: Horrocks, "The Bird and the Rose"; Bevan, "Flight of Ages"; Gounod, "O Divine Redeemer"; Torrente, "Show me Thy Ways"; Haberberger, "Barcarolle"; Leschetizky, "Impromptu"; Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto" piano; Adams, "The Light of the World"; Bohm, "Silent as Night".

Chopin, "The Maiden's Wish"; Spohr, "Rose Softly Blooming"; Coenen, "Lovely Spring"; Arditi, "Magnetic Waltz."

On Thursday evening, February 1, a violin recital was given by Ethel Evans, a prouising pupil of F. C. Smith, assisted by Nellie Van Camp, soprano, pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington. The following programme was given: Tartini, violin sonata in G minor; Rubinstein, "Thou'rt like unto a Flower"; Lehmann, "Roses After Rain" vocal; Saint-Saens, "Le Cygne"; Bohm, "Gavotte"; Bach-Gounod, "Ave Marie," organ accompaniment, by Dr. F. H. Torrington; Massenet, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice"; Samson and Delilah; De Beriot, Air Varie No. 1.

Arthur Bird, the American composer, has apparently made his home permanently in Berlin, where he has resided for the last twenty years. Once in a while his caustic pen contributes an article to an American periodical. In one of these, printed in the January "Musician" (Boston), he remarks concerning Max Reger's "Sinfonietta":

"Intoxicated Regerites invariably declare, when everything else fails, 'But the polyphonic work is masterly.' This reminds me of the celebrated surgeon who, after having performed a difficult operation, said triumphantly: 'The operation was a complete and brilliant success;' but forgot to add, the patient died during it. So it is often with Reger. His score on paper is a brilliant mathematical wonder, but it kills the audience. If really good music hath charms to sooth the savage, such kind of music hath charms to make one sick."

Mr. Bird considers Mahler much more interesting than Reger: "If he is not in any sense of the word a genius, he knows how to paint skillfully other people's ideas in glowing, original and perfectly toned colors. His orchestration is the ideal of total glutony; it is fascinating, magnetic, seductive. As to orchestral coloring and euphony, I can safely say his scores are unequalled by any living composer."

Fifteen new operas were produced last season in Germany, but none of them, apparently, has survived. Curious differences of taste between America and Germany are to be noticed. In New York (as in London) Puccini is much more popular than any other modern Italian, but in Germany he had only 53 performances, as against Leoncavallo's 238 and Mazzini's 217. Lortzing is entirely ignored in America, whereas in Germany he came next to Wagner in the number of performances. Wagner had 1,042, (a gain of 138 over the preceding operatic year), and Lortzing had 643. Next on the list came Verdi (533), Mozart (444), Weber, neglected in New York (38), Bizet (332), Meyerbeer (212), Beethoven (182).

The well-known English vocal teacher William Shakespeare writes: "Like all other arts, singing has its time of drudgery, and it is not all romance that Porpora taught Caffarelli from one sheet of exercises for five years, and then dismissed him with these words, 'Go my son, you are the greatest singer living.' I know to my cost how long the training of a vocalist must take, for Lamport kept me for a year and a half at the ear 'Ecco ridente' from Rossini's 'Barbiere di Siviglia.'

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The early numbers will contain articles on "Modern Piano Teaching," by A. S. Vogt; "The Mandolin and Guitar Cult," by George F. Smedley; "Student Life in Leipzig," by H. M. Field; "Some Fiddlers I Have Known," by R. S. Piggott; "Flagrant Evils of Musical Life in Germany," by Wesley O. Forsyth; "Chats About Great Artists," by Dr. Persse-Smith, Mus. Doc.; "Harmony for Piano Players," by Frank Welsman; "The Tax on Old Violins," by E. R. Parkhurst, with contributions by other well-known authorities.

Subscription, \$1 a year; single copies to cents. Subscriptions received by the Editor at 106 D'Arcy street, Toronto.

Tommy—Pa, did you really mean it when you said you'd spank anyone that broke that vase?

Pa—Just come here, sir, and I'll show you.

Tommy—Don't show me. Show Bridget; she just broke it.—"Sciss-

ors."

Conductor of the Conservatory School of Expression was presented on Friday evening in the Conservatory Music Hall, to an audience of over four hundred people. The programme was interesting and varied. The selections were well chosen from the works of such representative authors as Kipling, Barrie, VanDyke and Riley, and the arrangement and treatment of the excerpts showed an accurate knowledge of sequence and dramatic situation. The young ladies taking part were: Merle Crone, Kitsie Frith, Mabel Dillon, Gertrude Tewslay and Alice Jenkes. There was no imitation or artificiality in the rendering, but all the readings were marked by a charming simplicity and naturalness of style. The students assisting on this occasion were Miss Martha Fudger, vocalist, pupil of Mrs. Ryan-Burke, Miss Jessie Allan and Mr. Ernest Freure, pianists, pupils respectively, of Mr. A. S. Vogt and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp.

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ANTIQUES

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We want you to feel the truth of this. One is apt to pass over business announcements in the crowded papers, but this one of ours is of pressing importance. Do not wait until the end of the month before its advantages impress you. The first days of the sale are naturally the very best. Come soon then, and choose the furniture destined to adorn your new home.

Extension Tables, solid quarter-cut oak, golden, hand polished shaped rim, very massive and artistic leg, size of top 46x 46 inches, extends 8 feet, February Sale price ..... **15.00**

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Buffs, solid quarter oak or mahogany veneered, handsome shaped British bevel mirror, velvet lined cutlery drawer, a china closets, and large linen drawer, solid brass trimmings, worth regularly \$46.00, February Sale price ..... **37.50**

Combination Sideboard and Buffet, solid quarter-cut oak, golden finish, hand polished, very massive and stately, large British bevel mirror, hand carved standards, a china closets, velvet lined cutlery drawers, large linen drawer and two liqueur closets, worth regularly \$75.00, February Sale price ..... **50.00**

Parlor Suite, 3 pieces, large and massive, very handsomely carved, mahogany polish finish frames, spring seats and edges, buttoned and tufted backs, upholstered in choice silk brocatelle, worth regularly \$110.00, February Sale price ..... **79.50**

Parlor Cabinets, solid mahogany, elegantly hand carved, plush lined case, bent glass panels, 3 sides, mirror back, 2 glass shelves, February Sale price ..... **51.00**

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### IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE AGAINST WAR.

**T**HE old warning, "In time of peace prepare for war," is being turned around by certain Germans and certain Englishmen, who view with alarm" the threatening glances which the British lion and the German eagle have been exchanging across the North Sea. The latest manifestations of the peace movement are two remarkable letters that appear in the London "Standard," one signed by forty Germans eminent in science, art, and literature, and the other by a company of equally eminent Englishmen, headed by Lord Avebury. In the former letter England and Germany are spoken of as naturally destined to be friends. "Germany," we are told, "has no sinister designs against England," and the frequent printed rumors to the effect that Germany is hostile to England are declared to be "sowing sentiments that in an emergency would render difficult, and perhaps impossible, the task of those responsible for the peace between the two countries." The German letter continues:

"We can state that none of us, though living in widely distant parts of Germany, and moving in different spheres of German society and party life, has ever heard an attack on England seriously discussed or approved of by any man or section of the German public worth noticing; nor have we met anybody in Germany who credited the Government with intentions or plans for a war on England. The naval policy of the Government, whether approved of or resisted, is everywhere in Germany understood and manifestly seen to be directed solely to providing what the Government consider adequate protection for the growing mass of German shipping, and certainly not at entering wantonly on any contest at sea."

The signs of the British letter say in reply:

"In welcoming the communication

from Germany our only regret is that any doubt should exist as to the recognition in England of the essential solidarity of British and German civilisation. We accept without reserve, and with warm gratification, all the assurances of our German friends and colleagues; and we beg them to believe that we, and those for whom we may speak, are not a whit less annoyed and misrepresented than they themselves by the affected beligerency of some of our journalists."

It is worth noting that these two great powers are about the only ones in Europe which have never tried conclusions in a war with each other.

### RAILWAY HOSPITAL CARS.

**T**HE question of railway hospital cars, which was recently given some attention by "Saturday Night," promises to become a large one with the traffic companies before long. Not only is the necessity of having proper coaches for the transport of invalids to and from hospitals being considered, but attention is being drawn to the fact that when a railway accident occurs, wrecking trains are soon on hand to clear the track, but no means are provided for the prompt and careful removal of the injured. In this connection the "Engineering News" of New York, in a recent editorial says:

At important towns, arrangements are usually made by which medical assistance can be secured when required, and the tool car of the wrecking train is sometimes equipped with stretchers, bandages and blankets, or even with a small medicine chest. In most cases, however, there is delay in preparing a relief train, and in getting doctors and nurses (with their equipment) to the scene, while the supplies and facilities are usually very inadequate, as the inevitable result of haste in getting the materials together in an emergency. Practically every railway and every division of

an important railway has its own complete wrecking equipment and organization. At the terminal or division point is a derrick car, tool car, etc., and arrangements are made to have an engine always in readiness and men to form the crew whenever an alarm signal is given. Whenever a wreck occurs this train is hurried to the scene and the work of clearing the wreck is taken in hand at once. But the persons injured, employees and passengers alike, have frequently to remain unsheltered and unattended for a considerable time, and are then perhaps given insufficient treatment and transported to the nearest town in freight cars or ordinary passenger cars whose jolting may cause intense suffering. In fact, many of the after-results of train accidents are considered to be due to the exposure and the delay in receiving proper treatment.

A few railways, however, probably not more than half a dozen in all, have made a small beginning in the establishment of hospital cars, to be kept in readiness at terminals or division points and sent out promptly to the scene of an accident. These cars are designed for the care and comfort of patients, are specially well fitted with springs to give an easy riding motion, and are fully equipped with all medical and surgical accessories. An operating table is usually provided for serious cases, but in general the car is usually employed only for minor and temporary treatment necessary to enable the injured persons to be transported in safety and comparative comfort to the nearest place where permanent hospital accommodation is available.

"Dearest," whispered Cordelia, after she had captured the coveted solitaire, "I have a confession to make. I am a cooking school graduate." Clarence shuddered. "Oh, well," he rejoined, after the manner of one resigned to his fate, "we can board."—Chicago "Daily News."

### Society at the Capital.

Socially the past week has been unusually quiet, and beyond the daily routine of small teas, luncheons, etc., which one has now become accustomed to expect as a matter of course, things have been on the whole inclined to be almost dull.

The death of the King of Denmark and the consequent period of court mourning at Government House has debarred the vice-Regal party proper from entering into any social pleasures, and the dinner-dance for young people, and also the two dinner-parties which had been arranged for at Rideau Hall last week, necessarily had to be postponed. Measles at Government House, (this time Lady Ingester being the unfortunate victim), has also been the cause of preventing the English visitors from entering into several social pleasures, but luckily the attack is very light, and the patient is now convalescing rapidly. The proposed trip to Montreal of the Governor-General and party will take place as originally arranged for the 12th of February, but it is not yet finally decided whether their English visitors will accompany them, although in all probability they will be induced to do so, and many gaieties are "en train" for the entertainment of the distinguished party of guests while in that attractive and hospitable metropolis.

Monday's events included a bridge-party at which Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemon entertained about thirty ladies in the afternoon, and a tea which was given by Mrs. Crombie in honor of Mrs. George Allan of Toronto, when Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Victoria Grenfell and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams were among the guests.

Mrs. David Gilmour received on Monday and Tuesday, for the first time since her marriage, at her mother-in-law's residence, Trafalgar House, and had hosts of callers both afternoons. Her bridesmaids, Miss Elsie Ritchie and Miss Ethel Jones were with her, and attended to the duties of supplying the many visitors with "the cup that cheers," etc. The pretty young bride looked exceedingly sweet in a most becoming gown of pale pink broadcloth, the bodice of which was prettily trimmed with pearls and glittering sequins.

Three large teas comprised the sum total of Tuesday's social gatherings. Miss Keenan's, which was more in the nature of an At Home, was very large, and Miss Nanno Hughes of Toronto received with the hostess, who wore a very handsome gown of champagne colored crepe de Chine with slight touches of pink, Miss Hughes wearing a pretty Dresden muslin with corsage bouquet of lilies of the valley. Lots of brilliant red tulips brightened the tea-table where Mrs. E. J. Chambers and Miss Blackburn poured tea and coffee, which was dispensed among the many guests by several bright and active young girls, including Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Agnes Davis, Miss Anne Macdougall, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Oliver and Miss Lily McGee. Hosts of guests, including all the older society leaders in the Capital, availed themselves of Miss Keenan's invitation, her tea being noted for their perfect details.

Mrs. Leonard Vaux also chose Tuesday for entertaining the younger set and the several brides of the season, among the latter of which Mrs. Vaux herself is numbered. Mrs. George McCarthy, Miss Elma Reid and Miss Gertrude Davies were in the dining-room at the tea-table prettily decorated with pink tulips and ferns, and those present included Mrs. Gilbert Faquier, Mrs. Norman Guthrie, Mrs. Clarence Burritt, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Shirley Gowen of Quebec, Miss Edith Fielding, the Misses McLeod Clark, Mrs. Fred Garrett, Miss Mahel Ferguson, Miss Fortune of Winnipeg, Miss Bessie Hill, Miss Anne Macdougall, Miss Crombie and others. The youthful hostess looked very handsome in a gown of deep rose panne which was most becoming.

Mrs. Calderon was the honored guest on the same day at a most congenial tea given by her sister, Miss Ethel Bate, with whom Mrs. Calderon is now spending the winter during the absence in Bermuda of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Bate. All Mrs. Calderon's old chums were delighted to have her amongst them once more, and a most enjoyable hour or two was spent over the tea-cups on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. M. Courtney's tea on Thursday was one of the largest affairs of the week, and in spite of the intense cold, accompanied by a miniature blizzard, a large number of Ottawa's leading married ladies found their way to Mrs. Courtney's residence in Wilbrod street, and once inside the cozy and homelike rooms, one forgot the boisterous elements through which one had just battled. Miss Kingston and Miss Sparks presided over a table of dainties in the dining-room, and a second table at the end of the drawing-room was attended to by Miss May Griffin, Miss Elsie Smith, and Miss Edith Powell, with an able band of assistants, who moved among the guests with offerings of sweets, etc.

Another bright young guest in Ottawa at present is Miss Bridges of Winnipeg, who is with Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams at Rideau Cottage, where on Wednesday evening a dinner-party is to come off in her honor. This fair guest was the "raison d'être" also of a bright little tea given by Mrs. Lawrence Fortescue, in her cozy apartments on Friday, when those invited to meet her were: Mrs. Hugh Fleming, the Misses McLeod Clark, the Misses Lemoine, the Misses Kingsford, Miss Crombie, the Misses Anderson and their guests, the Misses

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MacLennan, Miss Muriel Burrows, and Miss Milly White.

### COMING TO SHEA'S.

THE show at Shea's Theater next week will be full of novelty and fun. Manager Shea is keeping up the standard by putting in the biggest shows in the country, and on next week's bill he has attractions that have only been seen in the largest cities of this country and Europe. As the headline act "The Globe of Death" will be seen. This sensational act is presented by Wizard and Irene Stone. The hazardous globe is circled by these great bicyclists, and as a climax to the act, Wizard Stone enters the sphere and again and again rides in its mysterious depths on a motor-cycle. As a special attraction on the bill Manager Shea has booked those great favorites, Thomas Ryan and Mary Richfield, presenting Cressy's playlet, "Mike Haggerty's Daughter." These sterling actors have been seen here before, and in this same sketch, but it will never grow old, and its bright lines and mirth provoking situations will be given a bigger welcome than ever. Frank and Jen Latona are also on the bill with their clever music and merry comedy. These people have a number of friends in Toronto, they have not appeared here in several seasons, and their welcome will be a warm one. Mame Remington and her Picks are old favorites. Miss Remington has added much to her act, the Picks are fuller of antics than ever, and they are seen as Japanese Picks, Indian Picks, Buster Brown Picks and all sorts and conditions of Picks. The three Camaras Sisters have never been seen in this city before, but last summer, they were the sensational feature of the New York Roof Gardens, and many Toronto people saw their wonderful act there, and Manager Shea has at last succeeded in booking them for this house. The Dillon Brothers will give the audience what they call a Song Treatment, and as these men are always clever, they are sure to have something unique in the new offering. Spissel Brothers & Mack are coming with their acrobatic comedy "Fun in a Cafe," and the Kinetograph will show one of the cleverest pictures seen in a long time in "The Train Wreckers."

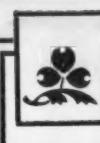
### Old Friends.

The Wife—What luck?  
The Husband (wearily) — None whatever.  
The Wife—Were there no servants in the intelligence office?  
The Husband (sadly) — Lots of them; but they had all worked for us before.—"Woman's Home Companion."



Plain Tips

15c. Per Box



## Sporting Comment

AST week's hockey was remarkable for its high scores. Barrie 15, Midland 2; Argonauts 23, Marlboroughs 5; Brockville 26, Montagnards 0, were exceptionally large scores, which showed an amazing disparity between so-called senior teams. Several other decisive victories were those of Queens over Varsity, 12-0, of Berlin over the St. Georges, 8-0, and of Peterborough over Uxbridge, 6-0. Such runaway matches are the rule rather than the exception amongst junior teams, but it is passing strange to see one senior team completely outclass another.

It would seem that the proposal which was voted down at the O. H. A. annual meeting to give the executive power to transfer a team to the next lower series, should be given careful attention next year. One can easily see the disadvantages and drawbacks of the scheme. There is a danger of disorganizing groups and upsetting schedules, and there is need of an honest and discriminating executive. Nevertheless, if the rule were in force this season, it would work to the advantage of many clubs. Perhaps the Marlboroughs would never consent to the humiliation of being transferred to the Intermediate series, yet that is exactly where they belong. As it is they are making the worst showing a senior team ever made, and they have been compelled to default in the Intermediate series. From every point of view, their season is a fiasco. It might have been a moderate, perhaps a pronounced, success if they were playing intermediate.

Such a burlesque as last Saturday night's game does positive harm to hockey. The essence of the game is the struggle and competition. People want to see evenly matched teams, like a battle royal to the finish. If these uninteresting and one-sided exhibitions continue, public opinion will veer around to open professionalism. From an amateur point of view, it is a fine sight to see fourteen young men enjoying a healthy form of exercise. As long as the players get all the benefits of honorable rivalry, and a pleasurable pastime, it is no crying matter that the spectators yawn and stretch themselves in weariness. The matter of gate-money compels us to give up these ideal views and to respect the wishes of the spectator. He is an irritable person, who has a great horror of ennui and boredom. His cry is for excitement. He wants his blood stirred. He wishes something that is worth seeing and talking about, and as he contributes that monetary value to his wants and his wishes demand consideration. Accordingly the O. H. A., the duty of which is to safeguard the interests of the game, would be quite warranted in considering some scheme to prevent such Waterloo and wholesale massacres as have taken place in the Mutual street rink this season.

The International Professional League, by all indications, is having a bumper season. There has been good ice and plenty of fast, hard-fought games. There is no more brutal and unreasonably rough play than in any other hockey league in America. Of the four teams, three, at the present time, although sixteen games have been played, are so close together that the championship is still undecided. The spectators are regaled to satiety with excitement. Frankly, an unbiased critic must confess that the Professional League is a success. It is the only possible kind of league for the district it covers. It does not do an injustice to amateurs for there are no amateur leagues which it supplants or out-rivals. No one can object to it on the ground that it is sailing under false colors, or cutting the throat of other organizations. At first, it was an experiment, but it is now past the experimental stage, and is in a mature stage of development.

A great many people predict that, with an artificial ice plant in Toronto, will come a professional league. We have professional base-ball, professional lacrosse, why not professional hockey? There is little doubt that it would attract public attention and be a financial success. The important question is whether it would deal a death blow to amateur hockey organizations. It would, beyond a doubt, impair their prestige, if amateur hockey remained at as low an ebb as it is to-day.

One of the greatest surprises of the season was the victory of Queens over Varsity, 12-4, last Friday. After their splendid showing against McGill, everyone expected that on their own ice the local students would defeat Queens. No one was prepared for their complete reversal of form. They could neither skate, check, nor shoot. It was something more than lack of condition. It was as if they had forgotten the very rudiments of the game. That Varsity hockey team has always been a thorn in the flesh, a tribulation of the spirit to anyone who ever backed them, believed in them or defended them against their critics. Harsh criticism seems to will them, praise to sap their stamina. They are as capricious as a race horse, and it requires unusual powers of prophecy to tell when they are going to lose or win a game. Manager after manager has toiled with them, the best professional advice has been asked and freely given, trials have been arranged for them, trainers engaged, but when the day of the race comes, in spite of the lusty cheering of a thousand loyal supporters, they balk, and are content to trail lengths in the rear. The next time, out with a crippled team, with five men to

seven, and referee, timers and umpires against them, they will defeat a championship team. That has been their history in the past, but it may be that to-day the reason for their non-success is simply inferiority and incapacity. They have, however, several really good men, and next Friday might defeat McGill in Montreal, or be hopelessly defeated. No one can tell. It all depends upon the humor they are in.

The game to-night between McGill and Queens in Kingston should be a first class exhibition of hockey. The Intercollegiate championship hinges upon the result. Queens have one of the best balanced teams seen in Toronto this year. Richardson and Walsh are fast and aggressive forwards, and work a very effective combination. The whole seven excel in team work, and always play sterling hockey. McGill, like most Eastern teams, play a clever and dashing game, and when at their best, give a brilliant exhibition. Kingstons are sure of a treat when these two college septettes clash together.

The press reports of the Ottawa-Wanderer game in Montreal last Saturday, are vivid enough to make Torontonians sigh with envy. The two best teams in the East were playing faultless hockey, and what is more important, Ottawa lost, 3-4. This made Ottawa and Wanderers tie in the Eastern Canada League, and so it looks now as if the Wanderers would give Ottawa a hard fight for the championship. These two teams have played the games scheduled with one another, and will meet again only in case of a final tie. If former contests are any criterion, the sports of the Roman Amphitheater would yield to this one in fierceness and fatalities. Of course, the players never mean to hurt one another, but whenever the Wanderers and Ottawas meet, to decide a championship, there is always work for the ambulance.

There is on foot a project which will be interesting to all lovers of golf, that is the organization of a new Golf Club with links up on the Credit river. A committee of eight well-known citizens has the matter in hand, and has secured an option on a property of 200 acres about a mile from the mouth of the river. Expert golf opinion has pronounced the course an ideal one, and the transportation problem, always important in country clubs, admits of easy settlement. It is inevitable that with the expansion of the city, golf clubs and other sporting organizations must go further afield to secure comfortable quarters. The proposed location of this new club is in every respect ideal. The scenes along the winding river are picturesque, and the distance from the city is just enough to make a visit in every sense a genuine recreation. It is likely that, if the club is formed, many summer cottages will be erected in the vicinity. Under these circumstances the Credit Golf Club cannot help becoming one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the neighborhood of the city. Mr. John E. Hall, who is so well-known in cricketing and golfing circles, is secretary of the provisional committee, and his experience and executive ability should go far to making the scheme a success.

It would be well for cricket to look to itself in England. Golf is encroaching on its preserves. A cricketers' inter-county golf tournament was held on the Scarborough Club's links at Ganton ten days ago, and Yorkshire defeated Lancashire. Hon. E. S. Jackson, captain of the All England cricket eleven, was one of the foremost players, losing his match on the home green. In Canada golf has won away many of the leading cricketers, to the unspeakable surprise of those who have not been won away.

### The Cricket Veteran.

**T**HE cricket veteran is one of the ornaments of the game in Toronto. The true member of this species uses two crutches and is at least three score and ten years.

I have seen some imperfect specimens who used but one crutch, and possessed but three score years. Some of these pass very successfully for veterans, but the connoisseur must have the genuine article must have two crutches.

On a fine summer day you will have no trouble in finding at least one of these old fellows on any field where a game of cricket is going on. It is a fine sight to watch the look of tense rapture on his face, and the rare enthusiasm with which he moves his hands in feeble, but sincere applause. If you approach him, he at once puts on the mask of the critic, and remembers the part he has to play. Noblesse oblige is his motto, and never will he disgrace himself by praising the present at the expense of the past. If you speak enthusiastically of the game in progress, he will nod with a far-away look in his eyes, as if it were but the dregs of the rich cup he has drained.

Then he will talk of games he has seen, and by degrees the tide will come bursting through the dykes, and you will be drowned in the flood of reminiscence.

Woe be it to you if you stop him once he is under way. He is your

enemy for ever afterwards, but if you make a good listener he will trumpet your praises abroad.

Listen to him then as he tells of the deeds of his youth and of the mighty men who played on prehistoric village greens. There was the mighty blacksmith, who drove the ball clean and true into the church belfry and romped and romped all day long between the stumps, making untold runs, while weary fielders vainly essayed to reach the ball. There was the demon bowler, the Great Plague personified to batters, who scattered wickets like chaff, driving balls fifty yards and once, mirabile dictu, the brass ferule of a stump clean through the ale-house windows, 100 yards away. Other marvels the veteran will relate with a joyous chuckle in his tremulous, old voice, and he will even insinuate that it is through gracious magnanimity and a desire to give the young lad a chance that he is not in the forefront of cricket warfare, to-day as in days of yore. Listen to him kindly, and help him on his crutches when the sun sets, and you will be a better cricketer and a better man for the deed.

After all, why should we complain against such veterans, captious though they be? Their whims are at the worst but a pleasing folly. Rather should we honor them as relics of the past which can never return, and accord to them the humility and graciousness they deny unto us.

### Some Local Golfers I Have Met.



**H**AVE you played in a club match against the dinky driver? His average stroke from the tee is one hundred and thirty yards or less, and the fact seems to affect his character, as, indeed, why should it not. But if you have played against him you will have learned that he really does not despise himself because of his drive nearly as much as he would have you believe. There was a time when the dinky driver strove with his Fate, took lessons from the "pro," tried long clubs and short ones, and whippy shafts and stiff ones, changed his stance, tried a half stroke, even quit the game for a while and stole back to it quietly, hoping that his drive would be all right. But it wasn't. While striving with Fate, the dinky driver spent



"Of course I'm not in it with you," he said.

fabulous sums on utensils. Every new golf ball or club put on the market would find in him an eager buyer, for when a man is in this position, he is like the person whom the patent medicine advertisements have got under their spell, and he must try every new thing. While he is experimenting with freak clubs, intricate methods of gripping—in fact while he is rebelling against Fate—the dinky driver is an easy prey. But when he has passed through all these stages and is face to face with the knowledge that, for some reason, he is a dinky driver, from that moment he is a dangerous man.

"Of course," he said, "I'm not in it with you." Then he made a dinky drive. He admired my 175-yard stroke very much.

His brassie was as good as his drive, however, and my half-iron put me no nearer the flag than he was. His mashie shot lay within a yard of the hole, while I overran three yards. He won the first, 4-5.

"At the worst," he said, "you can now only beat me sixteen up."

From the next tee I outdrove him 50 yards, but he put his second on the green with a full iron shot, and I could do no better, getting a half in 4. Here is where I should have asked him his handicap—yet it would not have impressed me to know that it was less than my own. In other clubs they do some mighty queer handicapping.

The third hole gives a man a chance to make the green in two, which I did. The dinky driver required three full shots, but it was halved in 5.

With a drive and a brassie I made the side of the green on the fourth hole, while my opponent was two worse. It was mine in 5 to his 6, and all square. I won the next two. Then he won two of the three short holes and we were even going out.

It's a long story, but he beat me two up on the eighteen—always apologizing, always astonished at his successful approaches, and lucky putts,

and always admitting that, of course, he was not in it with me. How he envied me strong, free-drives, my tipping brassies! How he despised his own dinky game!

Beware the man who makes Uriah Heep professions of humility in golf. Do not let him get around you with his talk. It's his strategy. Perhaps he takes more scalps in a season than does the glad-hearted boaster who forgets all his strokes but the good ones. To be a dinky driver and yet win games right along, has in it a deep-seated, business-like satisfaction that other golfers know nothing about. The winner feels that mind has conquered matter.

LOFTER.

### The Wrong Man.

Mr. S. J. Solomon, the new Royal Academician, is a man of many friends and many accomplishments, best known, perhaps, to the British public, as the painter of those gigantic and vigorous canvases—the "Samson and Delilah," the "Cassandra," and the rest—that were the sensations of several of the Academies of the Eighties. On Academy varnishing days the artists whose pictures have been accepted are permitted to retouch their work if they choose, and on one of these days, in a year when he exhibited one of his biggest canvases, Mr. Solomon had an amusing little adventure.

The artist, who wore a painter's smock to save his clothes from damage, had just finished his retouching when a stranger came up and pressed half-a-crown into his hand, saying, "You are the man who washed my picture for me, aren't you?" Mr. Solomon, who saw that the other artist had mistaken him, owing to the smock, for one of the workmen engaged by the Academy to assist on varnishing day, entered at once into the humor of the thing. "No sir," he said, touching his cap, "it was the other man"; and the stranger went off ignorant of the fact that he had attempted to tip the painter of the picture of the year.

### Happy Thought.

There is a very pretty girl in Syracuse who, with the best of motives and most kind intent, is generally, as she herself expresses it, "in a mess." To a chum she recently said:

"I seem to have offended Mr. Lancey, and I can't imagine how. I sent him a little token on his birthday, and he acknowledged it in the coarsest manner."

"What did you send?" her friend inquired.

"Well," she explained, "I wanted to give something that would have some connection with his lovely verses, you know, and by what was almost an inspiration I thought of a rhyming dictionary."

### Usually Necessary.

Little Willie—Papa, why does the railway company have those cases with the ax and saw in every car?

Father—I presume they are put in to use in case anyone wants to open a window—"Puck."

### PARSIFAL.

"Parsifal," Richard Wagner's last and most lofty musical drama, was given an appropriate and excellent interpretation at the Toronto College of Music, on Friday evening last, by Mrs. Scott-Raff, of the School of Expression, and Mr. Sullivan-Mallon. This has been known in Toronto in the past only as a musical work. Mrs. Raff, on this occasion, showed that it was a splendid work of dramatic literature, with deep spiritual significance, and containing many passages of rare literary beauty. This recital was, perhaps, the most ambitious work which she has yet attempted.

The recital was introduced with a brief sketch of the legend, explanatory of its underlying meaning, of its spiritual bearing, and of the motives which inspired Wagner in its composition. The drama itself, which is in epic form, was divided into three parts—"The Coming of Parsifal," "The Tempting of Parsifal," and the "Crowning of Parsifal," and was accompanied throughout by appropriate excerpts from the musical score. In the garden scene, when Parsifal, the personification of Purity, resists Kundry, the beautiful temptress, who is acting under the influence of Klingsor, the evil one, Mrs. Raff was particularly effective, and displayed dramatic talent of a high order. The recital, as a whole, was beautiful, suggestive, and inspiring, and the difficult and lofty musical accompaniment was rendered with sympathetic judgment and artistic skill.

Little Johnny—What is your papa's business?

Little Clarence—My papa is a poet.

Little Johnny—Huh! That ain't business—it's a disease.—"Scissors."



"CANDIDATES FOR THE DAIRY."  
A pretty sextette of fine bred Jersey heifers on Price's farm at Erindale.

### He got the Raise.

A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk. "What do you want?" he asked. "Want me pay raised?" "What are you getting?" "T'ree dollars a week." "Well, how much do you think you are worth?" "Four dollars." "You think so, do you?" "Yessir, an' I've been t'inkin so fer t'ree weeks, but I've been so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it." The boy got the raise.

—The Search-Light.

### Just Like a Woman.

"It's just 7 o'clock," said Squibob, "and so you have plenty of time to dress yourself carefully for the theater. With this margin of time, Henrietta, you can surely have no excuse for being unprepared at the last moment, a trait wholly confined to your sex."

"Yes, dear, I'll start dressing now at once," said his helpmeet dutifully.

"And I myself will show you a good example in promptness," said Squibob kindly. "I'll start right in now myself. By the way, where are my things?"

"Here they are."

"Put the shirt studs in one, will you? And—er—by the way, this dress suit is rather rumpled. I must have tossed it about in the drawer. You are rather handy at those things, Henrietta; can't you press it into some sort of shape?"

"All right, dear."

"And while you are at it fix the pearls in my shirt front, Goodness! I wish you'd chase up my cuff links."

Mrs. Squibob flew round with deft and willing hands, gathered the masculine apparel together, while Squibob calmly dressed himself in the intervals of his rapid-fire directions. "Get my top hat?" he asked. "Good. Now please fix my necktie, and—er—er—"

Squibob gasped in surprise, looked at the clock hands, which pointed to 8, and then surveyed the flurried little woman.

"Goodness!" he said in fine scorn. "Aren't you dressed yet? Well, if that isn't just like a woman."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

### He Wanted to Know.

"Young man," began the dignified gentleman in black dress, "have you fully considered the future? Have you made provisions for the hereafter? Is it not time—"

"Pardon me one moment, please; but are you a minister or a life-insurance agent?"—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

### Literary Interpretation.

Bobby—Do I have to go to school, mother?

Mother—Of course, Bobby.

Bobby—Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.—Detroit "Free Press."

He (on his knees)—Darling, I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all the strength of my being.

She—Are you in earnest, Clarence?

He (reproachfully)—In earnest? Do you think I am bagging my trousers in this way for fun?—Clipped.

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### SOCIETY-

Miss McEnery of Dublin is visiting Miss Melvin-Jones.

Lieutenant Colin C. McLennan, of the 48th Bengal Pioneers, India, who has been on leave of absence for a year, sailed from Halifax on the "Parisian" Monday last, and rejoins his regiment about the middle of March.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Moore announce the engagement of their daughter Helen to Robert George Dawe, C. E., son of Hon. Mr. Dawe, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Newfoundland.

The Lenten lectures in Trinity Convocation Hall will deal with Rome, ancient and modern. Professor Jenks of Trinity, Mr. G. W. Johnston, B.A. of Varsity, Professor Percy Hobbs of McGill, Professor Wrong of Varsity, Professor Young and Professor Routh of Trinity will, in turn, deal with Ancient Rome, Art and Life of Rome, Social Aspects of Roman Architecture, Riensi, the Roman Tribune, Pictures and Painters, and Rome and Romance. Never has such a complete and interesting series been offered patrons of these Lenten lectures. The new design on the programmes is suggestive, and Miss Playter, 158 Crawford street, is the secretary-treasurer of the course. The first lecture is on February 24.

Mrs. J. B. Calder gave an At Home on Friday afternoon at her residence, 191 Ossington avenue, which was much enjoyed by her many friends, who were greeted by their hostess, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Jack Witchall, Mrs. H. G. Horton, Miss Edna Tate, and Miss Edith Witchall were most attentive in the tea room, where the table was most daintily arranged, the decorations throughout the room being in pink. An orchestra on the landing played some delightful music during the afternoon.

On Wednesday, January 31, the third annual Phantom Ball was held at Sunnyside pavilion. A second ball will be held on February 21, as so many were unable to secure tickets for the first. On February 1, Miss White of Admiral road had an informal dance and supper at the pavilion, some sixty guests enjoyed it very much. On Friday, February 2, the Old Orchard Club had a hop at the pavilion, of about a hundred guests. On Thursday last, Mrs. Eastwood of 118 Winchester street gave a young people's dance for her débutante daughter. Lack of snow has interfered with the proposed sleighing party to precede this dance.

Mrs. D. G. Sutherland and the Misses Sutherland have returned from Europe, and will receive at 120 Bedford road, on the second and third Fridays of February and March.

Mrs. Cawthra's musical at Guiseley House was the event of Thursday evening.

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor will open the Second Session of the Eleventh Parliament of Ontario, on Thursday, the 15th inst., at three o'clock in the afternoon. The Premier has placed the Council Chamber at the east end of the buildings at the disposal of ladies as a cloak room.

Mrs. James R. Roaf has gone to New York, and will not receive until the first Tuesday in March.

Mrs. William E. Buck, (née Talbot), will receive for the first time since her marriage, at her new home, 613 Bathurst street, on Friday February 16, afternoon and evening.

The formal opening of the new St. Andrews College buildings takes place next Wednesday afternoon, February 14, at three o'clock, to

Mrs. Frank McCormick of London, who is visiting Mrs. Ivey, will receive with her.

Mrs. T. M. MacIntyre, formerly of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, has returned to the city from her summer home in Brampton, and will receive at the Arlington on the third and fourth Thursdays during February and March.

The Mendelssohn Choir concerts are next week's principal events.

The Cawley Club dance, given by Colonel Hall of St. George street, last Friday evening, was a great success. The next meeting of the Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Martin Scheek, 1370 King street West, on Friday evening, February 16.

Mrs. George Milligan of 163 Crescent road, Rosedale, has gone to New York, and will not receive until 2nd Monday in March.

Miss Henrietta M. Shore has gone to New York in connection with her art work.

Mrs. Harry J. Fairhead, (née Bowring), will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday afternoon and evening, February 16, at her home, 80 Yorkville avenue.

Miss Kitty Rossiter, 235 Bathurst street, entertained the Lotus Social Club recently, receiving in white organdie much trimmed with lace. Progressive euchre, followed by a dance and a dainty supper, filled the evening hours. I am informed it was a most successful and joyous reunion.

Social Influences.

In England it is not what you know that is important, but who you know; not what you are, but who you are; not what you do for yourself, but what others will do for you.—"London Truth."

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES.

In denominations, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, with equivalents in foreign monies printed on each. No discount. No delays. Accepted by principal Hotels, Banks, S.S. Companies, etc., all over the world. Issued by Dominion Express Company, Yonge & Wellington Streets, Toronto. Call or write for full particulars.

The Faculty of the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression has been enlarged by the addition of two new members, namely, Miss Florence E. Lutz of Boston, as a teacher in Expression and Monsieur Guy de Lestard in Modern Languages. Miss Lutz has taught Expression most acceptably in the Curry School of Expression and other educational institutions of Boston. She is also a reader of distinction. Speaking of her reading of the play of "Macbeth," the "Boston Transcript" says: "Miss Lutz's rendering of the play of Macbeth showed a strong dramatic grasp of the play and particularly of the effect of the crime on Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's conscience." Monsieur Guy de Lestard is now well-known in Toronto, as the principal of the Berlitz School of Languages. He was recently appointed by the Ontario Government as teacher of French in the Model School.

A Matter of Orthography.

After a few weeks at boarding school Alice wrote home as follows:

Dear Father: Though I was homesick at first, now that I am getting acquainted, I like the school very much. Last evening Grayce and Kathryn (my roommates) and I had a nice little chafing-dish party, and we invited three other girls, Mayme and Carrie Miller and Edyth Kent. I hope you are all well at home. I can't write any more now, for I have a lot of studying to do. With lots of love to all. Your affectionate daughter,

Alyss.

To which she received the following reply:

My Dear Daughter Alyss: I was glad to receive your letter and to know that you are enjoying yourself. Uncle Jayne came the other day, bringing Charls and Albyrt with him. Your brother Henrie, was delighted, for he has been lonely without you. I have bought a new gray horse whose name is Byllye. He matches nicely with old Freddie. With much love from us all, I am, your affectionate father,

Wylliam Jones.

The next letter from the absent daughter was signed "Alice."—Woman's Home Companion.

The estate owned by the late Colonel Crowninshield in a New England seaport town adjoins the pasture of a sturdy farmer. A valuable dog owned by the colonel used to get into the pasture and chase and worry the farmer's cows. Finally, he went to Colonel Crowninshield and requested that the annoyance be stopped.

"How do you know it is my dog?"

A teacher in a public-school of Boston once had great difficulty in imparting to a boy pupil of ten certain elementary principles of grammar. In class one day the instructor experienced more than the usual amount of trouble with the lad. In desperation, the teacher finally blurted out the question: "At least, you can tell me why we study grammar?"

"Yes, ma'am," returned the pupil, "we study grammar so that we can laugh at the mistakes of others."

Unmistakable Proof.

The annual reception in Guelph, last week, by Rev. Father Connolly, pastor of the Church of Our Lady, to the choir, with Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Rose Gay as hostesses, was very enjoyable. Music was furnished by an orchestra, and a recherche supper was served from tables decorated with green and white, and lighted by fairy lamps and candles. This improvement on the usual formal dinner was fully appreciated by a choir of thirty.

Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon returned to Ottawa on Friday, February 2.

Mrs. Arnold Ivey of Isabella street will receive Monday, February 12.

### Music as a Cure.

The idea of curing disease by music is not a new one, though its revival and modern application are novel. Pythagoras was a believer in its healing power, and the Hebrews frequently employed it for curative purposes. To a finely-strung temperament it acts as a nervous stimulant. An Italian physiologist who has recently been studying the effect of music on the brain of one of his patients, whose skull was so fractured as to lay bare the brain, observed that music actually enlarges the brain. As a cure it cannot be applied carelessly; there are kinds and qualities of music as there are of light. Every human being is endowed with his own keynote, and only those tones should be used that are in harmony with the patient's dominant or keynote. Several health resorts along the Mediterranean have introduced music for therapeutic purposes, and there is already one hospital in England devoted wholly to musical healing.

### An Outside Opinion.

A cavalryman was one day engaged in laboriously "cleaning down" his rather raw-boned steed. An infantryman sauntered up, and, with his hands behind his back, leisurely inspected the operation.

"Hulloa, John!" said the cavalryman. "Think you'd like to be in the cavalry?"

"Oh, yes," said the infantryman; "but only as a horse!"—"Exchange."

### One Cause for Thanks.

The Rev. Moses Jackson was holding services in a small country church, and at the conclusion lent his hat to a member (as was the custom) to pass around for contributions. The brother canvassed the congregation thoroughly, but the hat was returned empty to its owner.

Bre'r Jackson looked into it, turned it upside down, and shook it vigorously, but not a copper was forthcoming. He sniffed audibly.

"Brederen," he said, "I sho' is glad dat I got ma hat back ergin."—"Harper's Magazine."

### Excessive Realism.

A shy officer at a children's party at Government House, Calcutta, allowed himself to be covered by a tiger skin, and undertook to amuse the children while the Christmas tree was being lit up. His was a success for till he found himself dragged from the room by several men. He inquired angrily what was up. "You've bitten the calf of the Vicereine's leg," they said. He went home swiftly.—"Vanity Fair."

### Incorrigible Irish.

Striking is the fact that four-fifths of Ireland's representatives, most of them poor men, many of them very able men, have resisted all the blandishments of London life and Government patronage, and have stoutly preserved their independence. All but Irish Nationalists who enter Parliament are sustained by the inspiring possibility of attaining Cabinet rank, of receiving titles, or securing lucrative settlements for life.—New York "Nation."

### Britain Setting Military Fashions.

Great Britain is rapidly becoming the military leader of fashion among the nations of Europe. Khaki and smasher hats have been copied all round. The French infantry soldier has disguised his extremities in putties; and now the French are seriously proposing not to let their infantry officers carry swords on active service.

### The Reason.

A teacher in a public-school of Boston once had great difficulty in imparting to a boy pupil of ten certain elementary principles of grammar. In class one day the instructor experienced more than the usual amount of trouble with the lad. In desperation, the teacher finally blurted out the question: "At least, you can tell me why we study grammar?"

"You must bring me better proof," replied the colonel, coldly.

"All right, sir," said the farmer, in no uncertain tone. "The next time the dog bothers my cows I'll bring you all the proof you want—in a wheelbarrow."—"Boston Herald."

### Unmistakable Proof.

The estate owned by the late Colonel Crowninshield in a New England seaport town adjoins the pasture of a sturdy farmer. A valuable dog owned by the colonel used to get into the pasture and chase and worry the farmer's cows. Finally, he went to Colonel Crowninshield and requested that the annoyance be stopped.

"How do you know it is my dog?"

### BARDWELL—Chicago, February 4.

Mrs. Harry J. Bardwell.

### CAHLEY—Toronto, February 3.

Mrs. Ann Cahley, aged 90 years.

### COOK—Westmount, January 28.

Catherine Elizabeth Cook, aged 84 years.

### DUFF—Toronto, February 6.

Mrs. James Duff, aged 73 years.

### FURLONG—Toronto, James J. Furlong, aged 50 years.

### FARRELL—Toronto, February 6.

Mrs. Catherine Farrell, aged 82 years.

### FOX—Toronto, February 6.

James Francis Fox, aged 24 years.

### KYLE—Toronto, February 5.

Norman Howard Kyle, aged 16 years.

### LINDSAY—Toronto, February 2.

Mrs. Mary Bunting Lindsay, aged 73 years.

### MACINTOSH—Toronto, February 3.

Frederick P. Macintosh, aged 58 years.

### PERKINS—Exeter, February 3.

Robert Miller Perkins, infant son of the Rev. and Mrs. R. J. M. Perkins.

### SCALES—Toronto, February 4.

Mrs. Ida A. Taylor Scales.

### WALKER—Brooklyn, N. Y., February 4.

Irene Lorraine Somerville Walker, aged 1 year.

### WAITE—Toronto, February 3.

R. Warwick Waite, aged 19 years.

### WINTER—Toronto, February 6.

Arthur W. Winter, aged 40 years.

### Marriages.

### BIDDLE-THOMPSON—Toronto, February 1.

Maud Evelyn Thompson to Jesse Bertie Biddle.

### CARROLL-COSGROVE—Toronto, January 17.

Marion Florence Cosgrove to John J. Carroll.

### DELAMERE-MORISON—Winnipeg, February 1.

Agnes Forbes Morison to Thomas G. Delamere.

### FERRIER-DICK—Toronto, February 1.

Jennie Malef Dick to Charles Oakley Ferrier.

### WOOLLEY-STOBO—Toronto, January 31.

Lydia E. Stobo to William E. Woolley.

### Deaths.

### BURGESS—Toronto, Mrs. George V. Burgess, aged 43 years.

BURNS—Winnipeg, Robert Burns, aged 53 years.

### BLAINE—Toronto, February 3.

Will H. Blain, aged 28 years.

There is only one Guaranteed Silk Petticoat ==that's the S H & M Five Dollars to Twenty



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